THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts, and Public Affairs.

Volume VIII | New York, Wednesday, June 13, 1928 | Number 6

CONTENTS

Small Mercies 141
Week by Week 143
The Folded Tents 146
How the Dove Flies 147
The Important Vice-President ..... Charles Willis Thompson 148
The Vulgate Revision ..... Harvey Wickham 150
Are Church and State Separate? ..... Clarence Manion 153
The Spy *(verse)* ..... Sister Mariella 154
Farm Minds in Finance ..... George E. Anderson 155
Life *(verse)* ..... Gertrude Ryder Bennett 155
Safeguards of Sleep ..... William Everett Cram 156
Ship of Dreams *(verse)* ..... Evelyn Graham 156
Communications 157
Poems ..... Phyllis McGinley, Mary Brent Whiteside, Marion Ethel Hamilton, James E. Tobin, Winifred M. Letts, Carol Ryrie Brink 159
The Challenge of the Theatre, II ..... R. Dana Skinner 160
Books ..... Henry Longan Stuart, Sean O'Faolain, John Carter, George N. Shuster, Frederic Taber Cooper, Edward Hawks 162

SMALL MERCIES

GENERATIONS, even when they are equivalent in time, are not equivalent in value. The pace at which they carry the world through its cycle of change varies very much. Take the case of a man, for instance, born in 1848 and dying in full maturity. All he would have seen through his fifty years of life would have been the development of things with which he was fairly familiar in boyhood. The steamboat, the railroad, the electric telegraph, would have been clearly defined and calculable forces throughout his adolescence. Adventure in the air, if he had ever attempted it, would have meant for him Montgolfier's balloon of 1787, neither more nor less. He would have been carried to his grave, as to his christening, behind horses.

But consider the man born in 1878 and dying today at the same age. He has seen space annihilated, speed set free, motion and sound mechanically reproduced, a whole noxious world that preys upon human life largely disarmed, through the microscope, of its power to hurt, the veil rent away from maneuvring armies by specks in the air, and floating fortresses at the mercy of an offensive weapon not much larger in comparison than a big fish. He would have read of a man who, landing in Europe, was able to say, "Yesterday I was in America." The world upon which he has closed his eyes is not only an older world than that on which he opened them. It is another world altogether.

A very natural inference is that it should be a cheerfuller, a more hopeful, more kindly and better world. Even the advances in the power of science to kill and destroy, to which we have been obliged to refer, might present themselves as a tragic misapplication of forces quite as competent for good as for harm—a lesson never needing to be repeated and which, by showing mankind the dangers inherent in its own discoveries, would ensure that such things, in the future, be left under wiser and more benignant control. Above all things, what our middle-aged pilgrim (we are presuming he was a man of heart and brain) would have had a right to expect as he laid aside his earthly scrip and staff forever, is that the generation he left behind him was an "uplifted" generation, rejoicing in its perspectives, pleasantly conscious of the unprecedented weapons for good left in its hands by later knowledge, and viewing the whole future with a confidence he had missed in his own day of concern with the world as a place to improve to as near perfection as will ever be attained.

It is not our intention to try to prove that he would have died mistaken and that his last illusion would have been his greatest. To explain the paradox resi-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dent in the fact that human knowledge on the morrow of its most dramatic discoveries, and on the inevitable eve of others greater still, has suddenly fallen in esteem with men who make the psyche their concern, would require, not an article, but a volume. To summon contemporary evidence—the Daedaluses, Tantaluses, Icaruses—the Russells, Haldanes, Langdon-Davieses and Huxleys as witnesses to what has colloquially come to be termed the "bankruptcy of science," would need, not a volume, but a small library. The sad fact has to be recorded that no congress of the educationally or socially minded seems to take place today without some speaker expressing distaste for the stone which material science has offered mankind for bread, without some thinker, often in guarded and cryptic terms that require a good deal of exegesis to extort their significance, raising his voice to lament the waning momentum of old beliefs and convictions which have carried mankind safely through crises and perils manifold, and which grow harder and harder to adjust to a dual allegiance.

Some, at least, of these difficulties were so frankly stated at the annual convention of the Religious Education Association recently held in Philadelphia, that the vertiginous speed at which the world has been carried during the two or three months that have elapsed since then scarcely outdates them. The difficulties for Religion in an Age of Science, indeed, was the text chosen, by Sir Robert Alexander Falconer, of Toronto University, for his presidential address. Sir Robert, who has lived long enough to see all the changes to which we referred in beginning this article, who is a doctor of many seats of learning, and the author of an excellent book upon national characteristics, is upon the whole conscious of being a bringer of good tidings, to this extent: he believes the clash between revealed religion and science to have been an element of a transitional and earlier stage, now approaching its end. He quotes with approval Lord Haldane's opinion that though "there may be great divergence of belief about the Gospel narrative [in plain English, as to whether the story of the Incarnation be fact or imposture] there is none about the presence of God in the soul or about the tremendous significance of the teaching of Christ." Nevertheless, he is too acutely conscious of the difficulties that confront the believer who is not prepared to drown science in mysticism or mysticism in science, for us not to believe they are the reflection of an adjustment in his own mind. What he sees as the main danger to dogmatic faith is an "intellectual climate," created by "scientific hypotheses and methods," which renders the miraculous element in religion "forbiddingly mysterious." He hints pretty plainly that to invite a belief in the miraculous today is, ipso facto, to create a sceptic. Discoveries which have "heightened the insignificance of the individual" do not dismay Sir Robert, since "we become more truly great as we realize our insignificance." The teacher of science, the teacher of religion, have each their place, but harmony can only result through rigorous respect for the sphere in which each may safely operate. While the former must "carefully define the limitations of science" to youth, the latter "must not attempt to float their spiritual life upon the troubled seas of modern thought by philosophies, dogmas or worn-out scientific theories which have lost their buoyancy." What is to take their place? "There is a universe of religious and moral values as compelling as that of the heavens into which the astronomer guides us. The spell cast upon mankind by Isaiah, Jesus, Augustine, Pascal . . . is proof of that."

Now, one need only study this remarkable religious soothsay and strip it of its grace and special pleading (we use the term in its most commendatory sense) in order to realize just what the religiously minded are being invited to do by the president of the Religious Education Association, lest religion, surrounded by so many shoals and reefs, fail in his own words, to "come safe to shore." Let religion abandon all pretense to objectivity and logical structure. Abandoning such things to the exact sciences, let it continue as a gentle influence, based on premises no matter how unsound, unveracious or fragile, stealing into the soul of a man at moments when, in the words of Rabbi Solomon at the same convention, "released from the pressure and contact of the tangible . . . he becomes almost apologetic about the whole mundane business." For the material scientist are the test-tubes, the retorts, the hypotheses conditioned on subsequent proof or disproof, the mathematical formulae, the inspiration of being on the track of verifiable truth. To the religious teacher is left a vague territory of "consciousness," a series of "moral values" about which the best that can be said is that theism is not irreconcilable with their affirmation.

The men who built the intellectual fabric of Christianity and who bequeathed to it its imposing body of patristic learning, were less tactful. Holding that personal salvation was the ultimate business of life, they would have found it hard to believe that the truths essential to its gaining were not objective ones, safeguarded by a compass and measure as exact as the laws governing the planets in their courses. Their province being the supernatural, they set out to explore the ways of grace with all the enthusiasm the contemporary scientist feels when tracking down the ramifications of the magnetic fluid. It is their at-homeness in their province, their tough-mindedness, far more than what seems to us the fantastic nature of their speculations, that shocks the modern mind, so fluid, so floating, so subjective in all that concerns the immaterial. If a million angels might dance upon the needle's point, we know what might try, and try in vain, to pass through the needle's eye. And it certainly never occurred to them that saying: "Lord! Lord!" in moments of exaltation or depression would ever become a substitute for doing the will of the Father in heaven.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE COMMONWEAL

Published weekly and copyrighted 1928, in the United States by the Calvert Publishing Corporation, Grand Central Terminal, New York, N. Y.

MICHAEL WILLIAMS, Editor

Assistant Editors

THOMAS WALSH — MARY KOLARS
HENRY LONGAN STUART — GEORGE N. SHUSTER

JOHN F. McCORMICK, Business Manager

Editorial Council

T. LAWRASON RIGGS — JAMES J. WALSH
CARLTON J. H. HAYES — R. DANA SKINNER
BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE

United States: $5.00 — Foreign: $6.00
Canada: 5.50 — Single Copies: .10

WEEK BY WEEK

AS A sequel to the surprising walk-over in China of the Nationalist forces and the sudden turn in the situation caused by Japan's change of policy, we learn that "fresh study" of the whole situation is to be intensively pursued at Washington. The news is welcome in whatever form it comes, though it would have been more welcome still, and more consonant with a dignified national policy, if it had taken place many months ago, before what is virtually a recognition that Japan's is the controlling voice had been entered in default. The Commonweal, at the time of the troubles at Shanghai, thought it saw reason to call upon the State Department for just the announcement that our interests in China were not those of European powers (especially of one great maritime power) which we shall presumably get when the study is complete. It recalled the fact that no such unrestrained use of force majeure as China has had to endure from the big countries of Europe stained our record in the far East, and that an honest desire to do business unaccompanied by imperialistic velleities was too precious a tradition to be sacrificed. If this spirit is made to form the basis of our future dealings with a nation that looks as if it were on its way to a belated unity, some of the harm may be rectified that has been done by prancing special correspondents and by a mercantile community that seems to have forgotten under which flag it lives.

MILLIONS—"I guess, I suppose, I have reason to believe." In these terms Senator Heflin summed up the evidence he had accumulated, during arduous weeks of conversation with gentlemen in California and Indiana, to show that Governor Smith is paying the highest price on record for the good-will of a Democratic national convention. Clad in the latest sombrero, the Senator was strikingly handsome, indeed, as he poured tons of withering logic upon the "Roman Catholic political defenses." Quite as impregnable were his contentions that when a representative of the people accepts lecture fees from the Klan—or sends 556,000 copies of his speeches post free to various citizens of the country—it is nobody's business excepting his own. The business is fairly prosperous, too. Mr. Heflin has "300 invitations" on file, and the prices thereof run as high as $250 each. One fact is, therefore, made clear. The irate agnostic person in Connecticut—he bears an academic title, we believe, and is therefore pardonably aloof from affairs—who believes that Senator Heflin has been hired by Catholics to render anti-Catholicism ridiculous is simply mistaken. We confess to finding this theory so plausible that we were inclined, for a while, to accept it. But though this great orator and patriot has virtually rendered it impossible for a self-respecting citizen to come out for anti-Popery, his stipend is now proved to be of sterling Nordic origin. We leave the following suggestion with the irate agnostic person: Why not buy Heflin off?

THOSE feminists who were wedded to the argument that women in politics would purge popular government of corruption must find the conviction of Mrs. Florence Knapp an appalling object lesson. Consolation should reside for them in the fact that few serious thinkers shared this opinion. The course of the erstwhile New York Secretary of State cannot be accepted as actually pointing any moral on the wisdom of woman suffrage. At the same time, observers who have been loud in their accusation that the jury system in America has outlived its day will discover that, properly selected, given clearly presented evidence and instructed wisely, a jury can and will arrive at a just verdict. Faced with the sympathy aroused by a white-haired woman, equally as foolish as guilty, the Albany jury weighted the scale dispassionately and equitably. The court has leavened justice with mercy in granting Mrs. Knapp three months before sentence. Undoubtedly when she again appears at the bar, society will find that in the loss of reputation she has paid a greater penalty than it can administer by imprisonment.

MUCH shall have more, and the demands of the American motion picture producers which are to be officially presented by Mr. Edward Lowry to the conference on import and export restrictions soon to be held at Geneva, presumably under the aegis of that protean body the League of Nations, do not err on the side of modesty. On the face of it, the provisional French suggestion that seven American films shall enter France to one French film that leaves for America seems fairly generous. Apparently it is not considered

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sufficiently so by the Hollywood interests, however, and a protest against it, on the ground that it violates "the spirit of the convention already framed at Geneva" has been presented to our minister at Berne, who will head the American delegation. Apart altogether from the economic aspect of the case, which will no doubt be threshed out in an impersonal spirit, there can be little doubt that the recent hostile reactions of Europe to the film that this country produces, bushels and exports by hundreds and thousands, are not to be ascribed altogether to international jealousy and spite, or even to a desire to preserve a market for the home product.

A GENERAL impression is abroad that the film which has come to be regarded as typical of the American studio (we are not referring now to any of the numerous fine exceptions) is an agent of neither moral elevation nor culture—nor, on the whole, of good international feeling—and that the power of the purse is being used to attract westward the very men who would be the natural heads of the industry in their own countries. Climate, scenic resources, ingenuity and a practically unlimited supply of talent have given the American movie its long start. A concentration on quality, and something more than mechanical inventiveness, rather than the dictatorial attitude foreshadowed for Geneva, seem to us good ways to keep it.

A NUMBER of prominent "socially minded" women rant so terribly upon every occasion that one wonders if any of them have an eye for the details of actuality. The thought of Ida Tarbell is reassuring. She possesses a gift for looking into things, for observation of the world as it is, which has been manifested upon more than one notable occasion. Just now her discussion of prohibition, in the current Delineator, states some pertinent facts and conclusions. Of course it seems a little strange, in view of the fact that people travel widely and briskly nowadays, that anybody should have to be told that "drinking parties" are staged on Pullmans, in hotels and by the roadside. We had believed it virtually impossible to escape accepting an invitation to join. But Miss Tarbell, traveler through the Chautauqua district, has seen enough to convince her that, whereas she had approved heartily of an Eighteenth Amendment which forced the saloon to close, she cannot avoid deploring an "era of enforcement" which is slowly relegating voluntary temperance to the past. "Today I am asking myself," Miss Tarbell says frankly, "whether prohibition is any longer serving as a guarantee of temperance, whether it may not be that, having accomplished its revolutionary purpose—the destruction of the saloon—it is not actually becoming a hindrance to further progress and may not in a few years, if things go on as they are now, become a menace to the degree of temperance from choice which the country had achieved before the Eighteenth Amendment was adopted."

THOSE who wonder why New York is unpopular with the forty-seven other states may find food for thought in the conduct of many of its citizens. The present political campaign, like all political campaigns, furnishes plenty of it. Thus we have the "New York State Republican Women Associated" sending out thousands of letters in Hoover's behalf, conveying the pleasing and gratifying information that their candidate must be nominated or they will punish the Republican party by bolting. The letter concludes: "Write or telegraph George K. Morris, 9 East Forty-first Street, New York City, that we want Hoover nominated, and, if he is not, great numbers of us will undoubtedly vote for Al Smith." Stand and deliver! This letter is signed with such names as Mrs. Herbert L. Satterlee, Mrs. Harry Guggenheim, Miss Margaret Widdemer and Mrs. Henry Stillman. One very New Yorkish lady, identified as "Mrs. Louise Pierson, wife of Rodney Pierson of Briarcliff Manor," telegraphed Mr. Morris, who is State Chairman, in these happy and endearing terms: "Was born and brought up in Adams Street, Quincy, Massachusetts. Went to the Unitarian Church and sat directly over the bodies of John Adams and John Quincy Adams every Sunday. But, God help me, I will vote for Al Smith if you don't come out flat for Herbert Hoover."

THESE New Yorkers, having been informed correctly that politicians are cowardly, proceed to the gratuitous assumption that they are also unintelligent. Only a very stupid politician would be alarmed by having somebody tell him, "I represent 1,000 (or 1,000,000, more likely) voters, and if you don't do as I say I will bolt." The Hoover ladies cannot terrorize anybody, but they can alienate well disposed outlanders who resent the New York manner. In the spring State Controller Tremaine of New York went down South, and by way of making Smith popular with the Southerners he informed them that if they didn't nominate Smith, New York would bolt. Later it became evident that there was no danger of Smith's defeat at Houston. Thereupon his intelligent friends began discussing—in public—where he should be notified of his nomination. He had not been nominated yet, and it might have been more courteous to let the convention go through at least the pretense of making a nomination before taking up the details of his notification. They capped the climax by deciding that there should be a grand purple display at Albany, with the Democracy of the union coming there to swell the New York triumph. This on the front pages of the newspapers, for the benighted yokels west of the Hudson and north of the Bronx to read with flattered eyes.

IN 1916 somebody conceived the clever idea of having a number of women go West in a splendid special train and instruct the western women how to vote. It was in the interest of Mr. Hughes's candidacy. The western women reacted as might have been expected. They

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

named the train "the Millionaire Special," and all of them who were sufficiently vocal announced that they were going to vote against Hughes, which they did. The New Yorkers were honestly bewildered; they could not at all understand why people to the East, West and South did not enjoy their manners. New York does not change much. A Mr. Charles Dickens, who was here in Tyler's administration, had precisely the same gooseflesh over New York's superior manners that the Kansan and Carolinian have today; and he relieved his feelings by drawing that immortal picture of the New York editorial writer, Mr. Jefferson Brick, fully convinced that Queen Victoria shook in her boots whenever he penned a hostile paragraph. Mr. Dickens is dead, but Mr. Brick is still with us; and still writing.

AN AGE as conscious as ours of the economic value of health and of the humanitarian implications of social welfare necessarily witnesses efforts by public opinion to influence the treatment of disease and the safeguarding of hygiene. There has been some question as to whether the publicity involved has not, in some instances, created as much psychic malady as it has helped to cure of physical illness. People can be frightened into believing themselves victims of all sorts of woes. Such an objection cannot, we believe, be raised against the American Society for the Control of Cancer. This malady can, for the most part, be arrested only in the initial stage—at precisely the time when most people are likely to pay no attention to it; and the number of patients afflicted has grown so large during recent years that a concerted effort to familiarize everyone with the situation seems indispensable. We are glad to associate ourselves, in a modest way, with the work accomplished by the Society in its wide-spread campaign of enlightenment.

NOTHING could be more effective, we think, than calling the attention of Catholics to the pastoral letter which His Eminence Cardinal Hayes devoted to the work of the Society. "For ten years," said the Cardinal, "the men and women who comprise this organization have been insisting upon the necessity of more general information and knowledge regarding the symptoms of incipient malignancy in order that physicians may be called for timely treatment. The medical profession assures us that the ravages of this dreadful malady can be largely prevented or more successfully arrested if treatment is not delayed. The Catholic Church, commissioned to continue the ministry of Christ, will have compassion upon a multitude of possible sufferers, by aiding the sponsors of this movement." There is every reason why Catholic educational agencies should concern themselves earnestly with propagating information calculated to alleviate so much of suffering and social misery. They will thus carry on the tradition of ministering to health, which is so beautiful a legacy transmitted to us from the earliest Christian times.

ONE may legitimately doubt that the architectural principles sponsored by Dr. Ralph Adams Cram are the best which could be proposed for the guidance of modern American building, but there is no denying that he, more than any other man, is responsible for the fact that contemporary churches do not look mean, shabby and perfunctory beside the edifices of industry. A new triumph, of which all may well be proud, is the university chapel recently dedicated at Princeton. The building cost a great deal, but it is good and beautiful enough to stifle all financial questions in the light of its presence. Here is expressed once again, in a genuine manner, the highest thing mankind is capable of—worship of the Divine Mercy, humble meditation upon His everlasting holiness. We also think that Princeton arrayed itself most worthily for the dedication ceremonies. The hymn composed for the occasion by Dr. Henry Van Dyke has caught the true spirit of liturgy and deserves a place in every good collection of religious poems and songs; the address by President Hibben, though individual enough in some respects, was just the reverent and comforting tribute to the "presence of God in us" that one should like to hear from the lips of a leader in the enterprise of contemporary American education.

ALL these things are comforting to the Catholic, or rather, are manifestations which he looks upon with gratitude and rejoicing. They remind him of how much has been accomplished at major eastern secular universities during the past decade to rise above the flatlands of pseudo-science and materialistic crudity. Here thinking has been emancipated from at least some of that parroting which, in the form of various outlines of wisdom, was supposed to constitute the mental baggage of modernity. A number of eminent scholars, instructed as a result of their years of study, are striving to dismantle the prepossessions of sceptics and positivists. The work of Dr. Horace Craig Longwell, to whose articles in the current issues of the Philosophical Review we invite the attention of our readers, is an excellent example. While a Catholic will feel that he desires for his sons and daughters an education which will familiarize them, relatively at least, with all the magnificent heritage of Christendom, he cannot fail to be deeply appreciative of fine work done elsewhere and to associate himself with it heartily, in whatever manner he can.

OF THE late Henry Gilbert, who was as much of a prophet in his own country as it is possible for a composer to be, Mr. Olin Downes says in the New York Times that "he has given his country some of the very few pages of music which embody its true character as well as its finest ideals." Born in 1868, at a time when few people conceded the right of America to a music distinctively its own, he struggled to break away from European precedent, to interpret the spirit of a rising democracy and (above all) to stress some of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the romantic notes which then seemed to be pealing from our woodland and human scenery. In more ways than one he deserves to be remembered as the Walt Whitman of music, writing natively and a bit wildly to voice the life of a new people. But though his Overture on Negro Themes and Dance on Place Congo were innovations which prepared the way for the easier and more sentimental triumphs of Gershwin, he trained his mind to live in the mood of folk-lore and to serve the aspirations of his country's folk. To quote Mr. Downes again: "He is an extraordinary apparition, a strange, tough, misshapen fragment, and yet an enduring and glorious milestone in American music."

AMERICA and the Church in America alike were made the poorer by the death last month of the Most Reverend John Baptist Pitaval, D.D., formerly Archbishop of Santa Fé. Those who have read Willa Cather's Death Comes for the Archbishop will feel the loss of one who can almost be termed a friend. His Grace, one of the first two priests ordained in Colorado, received the sacrament of holy orders from Bishop Joseph Projectus Machebeuf, the Father Joseph of the Cather book. Father Pitaval's early life and work as a missionary in the San Luis valley closely paralleled the labors of his bishop, and there was particular appropriateness in his appointment to the see of Santa Fé. Ill health and his belief that younger minds should carry on in a new epoch induced him to resign; but, for all his fondness for his native France, he could not disassociate himself from the scene where he had labored so fruitfully. Citizens so devoted, simple, sacrificing, energetic, are the best gift of the Catholic Church to America. When the historian comes to write the matchless epic of the Southwest, Archbishop Pitaval's name will take high rank with Machebeuf, Lamy, Matz, Raverdy, Servant, Downey, Phillips and Bourgade.

THE FOLDED TENTS

CONTEMPORARY interest in the Moslem world is not created solely by people whose business it is to keep track of political and economic facts. Oil and railroad promotion can evoke a crisis; territorial ambitions can set the newspapers to talking. But in so far as the near East is concerned, definite spiritual landscapes have appeared and fascinated a great many people who would never be deeply aroused by any imperialistic manifestations. Having once beheld at close range the spectacle of Arab convictions, men are led to wonder at their power and to inquire into their meaning. On the one hand, there is an intense ethical consciousness, a spirit of obedience to law, which startles as well as moves those who have grown accustomed to the anarchy of the occidental mind. On the other hand, the Sufi mystic stretches out a hand toward the Christian saint, however great and actual the distance between the two may be.

Mr. Leopold Weiss, a German who knows Arabia thoroughly, returned from a recent visit to Mecca and Ibn Sa'oud, its ruler. Among the striking facts he gathered was this bit of an interview with the king who, after having drawn on a piece of paper one straight line from which various nebulous side lines branched out, declared: "This straight line is the right path. For every man there is only one such path, and these here are the paths that lead nowhere. If a person discovers the right path and follows it, how can he fail to arrive at his destination? We do not know our end in advance, and we have but one little task—to discover the right path. In this we must live, and we all have a burning eagerness to follow it. Why then should we not live correctly? God has shown us the true path in the Koran." If one disregards the final phrase, the sentiment might come with eminent propriety from the lips of any one of a number of saintly Christian teachers.

The Arab and the Christian Protestant are alike in this, that both adhere literally to a literary revelation. And it is, paradoxically enough, the fortune of the Arab that he spends comparatively little time in reading. He has been deluged by no such waves of criticism as those which have overwhelmed modern Protestant exegesis. There is a further resemblance between the two in this circumstance, that though moral teaching has in large measure remained the same, sects in great numbers have appeared. A Catholic, believing that the living Church is the custodian of the word and holiness of God, of His grace and sacramental aid, necessarily regards both as having failed to choose the "right path." Yet he, too, is often impressed by the genuine virtues of Protestantism and also, let it be noted, of the Moslem world.

An unforgettable instance of this is the experience chronicled by Ernest Psichari in The Voyage of the Centurion, one of the very few recent books that deserve to be called spiritual classics. This thoroughly modern young Frenchman, grandson of Renan and connoisseur of all the arts, came to know the solitude and "obedience" of Africa. Round about him lived a people who sought the answer to the problems of living from contemplation rather than from excited syllogisms. To meet them was a holy and precious opportunity. But when Psichari had come to know the best in Moslem religion, he remembered that his fathers had possessed more. He realized, as Paul Bourget remarked, that "the Cross was still arrayed against the Crescent," and little by little he found his way back into that which is set apart from all other institutions on the earth as "the Church of holy God." Quite similar was the spiritual adventure of Charles de Foucauld, who learned to know the Moslem as an explorer and later died among them as a missionary and hermit. The vision of Africa's obedience had stirred him, but the "something more" which Europe knew impressed him so profoundly that he returned to spend his life distributing it to the Moors.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This "something" is expressed, a little feebly perhaps, by Mr. Rihani, whose book is reviewed elsewhere in this issue. "I have not the least doubt about it," he noted in his diary on Christmas day, amid the trappings of the palace at Ar-Riyadh. "A religion of love, and mercy, and tolerance, is better than a religion which is imposed by the sword." The Arab has forgotten, because he never received from his prophet, the love of God. It is interesting to wonder what might have happened if Saint Francis, who longed to bring precisely this love to the sultan, had been able to proceed with his mission. But it is more salutary to bear in mind that the faith of the Church, rich with both the spirit of obedience to the guidance of God and the affection of the Saviour, will fill the world with its vigor and beauty if we, who are its corporate representatives, never fail to manifest it all, without stint or eccentricity.

Upon our ability thus to show forth the whole splendor of our inheritance, the winning over of the Moslem world most assuredly depends. Force, economic circumstance, the gloss of education—all these never have and never will change the character of the Arab universe. But if the crowd which kneels to Allah is some day made to see that Christendom will not take from but only add to its soul, the pilgrimage to Mecca may become a voyage unto Him.

HOW THE DOVE FLIES

THE dove of peace being much talked of these days, it may be interesting to consider how he is actually flying. Some charting of his course was undertaken skilfully by Colonel Charles B. Robbins, Assistant Secretary of War, in an address delivered to the Philadelphia Ordnance Association and Chamber of Commerce combined. Colonel Robbins evinced no hesitation in describing the circumstances of the next affray. It will be, he declared, "a war of machines," of "battles of tank battalions against tank battalions," of new offensive weapons and new defensive weapons. A corporal in search of glory and the enemy lines will be pretty hard pressed to arrive there, unless he realizes that the Ordnance Department plays "a part of constantly increasing importance." He may be brave, but "bravery alone does not win battles." It might be supposed at this point that, these matters being as they be, the corporal might show forth no eagerness to fight, and thus endow the War Department with a problem in psychology.

Colonel Robbins, however, disdained to consider any such eventuality. In fact, like Admiral von Tirpitz and sundry other swains amorous of saltpetre, he declared that "no great nation in the world, knowing that America has prepared itself for defense, will ever venture to attack it." For who does not know that preparedness "is the best insurance against aggression"? The variety of policy which Colonel Robbins especially commended, however, is one upon which there is virtually no premium. Under the National Defense Law, the United States has been divided into fourteen "procurement districts," each one of which "has a business man at its head," and in each of which precisely the right kind of things will be produced, "should a major emergency again occur." Owing to the "earnest coöperation of large numbers of the most able business men of the nation," it has been possible to draw up a plan for the transformation of peace-time industry into war-time industry, for the production of the mechanical equipment needed to prevent the nation's "young manhood" from being uselessly "sacrificed to an enemy," and for the upkeep of business itself.

It seems to have escaped attention that, during the years of peace antecedent to all modern wars, it was precisely the industrialists who could supply military materials who were most ready to uphold the "honor of the nation." They gathered such dividends from their investments in patriotic fervor that they alone, of all the powerful business men of the ante-Serajevo era, survived the treaty of Versailles virtually unimpaired. And now, in order to stave off enemy attacks and protect "young manhood," we turn over to such of these gentlemen as we possess, actually or potentially, a scheme for guaranteeing that every dollar they own shall blossom as the bay tree in case somebody is obliging enough to "attack" us. As if the nation were not perfectly aware that a hundred manufacturers of blankets and emergency rations, whose nickel expanded into a million dollars while George Cohan was writing songs for the boys, had hung their private business flags half-mast when the news of the armistice came!

We believe that the corporal mentioned previously is the key to the right kind of preparedness for war. If he casts an eye upon the data assembled by the earnest and patriotic gentlemen who are providing him with "creature comforts" in case "anything occurs," he may decide to exert an influence upon national policy. We recommend to him in a very special manner one of Colonel Robbins's digressions. After having remarked that if Germany had possessed in 1914 the materials she had amassed in 1918, the war would have been a comparatively brief episode, he remarked: "I hesitate to say what position America would have occupied in the face of an arrogant and victorious military government." One may well wonder if a remark of this character, coming from an official servant of the government, is either diplomatic or valuable at the present time. That, however, is not the point. The opposite of a military nation is a nation at peace. And we ask the corporal to consider whether Colonel Robbins's neat plan is not aimed at rendering the United States the same kind of "military" country, proud of its protective apparatus, as was the realm of Wilhelm der Zweite. After all, the mere progress of history must sometime succeed in making it impossible for us all to be fools at the same time.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE IMPORTANT VICE-PRESIDENT

By CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON

GOVERNOR SMITH is so sure to be nominated by the Democrats, and Secretary Hoover is so probably the Republican winner, that this year the Vice-Presidency becomes a matter prominent in the thoughts of politicians. Contrary to a general impression, that often happens. When McKinley and Cleveland were certain to be nominated, there were animated pre-convention contests over the Vice-Presidency, quite as earnest and hotly fought as any over the Presidency. This was particularly the case in 1900, when the Presidency was hardly mentioned at all in the pre-convention campaign, all the popular excitement being over the question whether Roosevelt should be nominated for Vice-President or whether it should go to Woodruff, Dolliver or some other active candidate. The vice-presidential contests in the Coolidge and Roosevelt years were not so heated, but they were warm enough, and the one in 1924 ended in some sensational fighting.

There is a significant difference in the way in which the qualifications of presidential and vice-presidential candidates are canvassed, and when the public mind is at rest about the Presidency it is noticeable—and disturbing. The argument for a presidential candidate is that he is able, strong, "of presidential size." The argument for a vice-presidential candidate is that he can get votes in regions where the head of the ticket is weak. This year, for instance, we hear that Cordell Hull should be Smith's running mate because he lives in the South, but not in the "solid South," which would disqualify him; or that Colonel Donovan should be Hoover's, because that would arrest the flight to Smith's camp of the myriads of Catholics who (of course) are going to vote for Smith in obedience to the orders of the Vatican.

In the last sixty-eight years, seventeen men have been elected to the Presidency. Six of the seventeen died in office and were succeeded by Vice-Presidents. The proportion is so great that it invests the Vice-Presidency with the gravest importance. Six out of seventeen is a startling record. And when it is remembered that the Vice-Presidency was created for the sole purpose of making certain that, whatever happened to the President, an equally eminent man would be at hand to take his place, our flippant way of filling the office becomes revolting.

Another strange thing about the American way is that it was precisely at the time when the Vice-Presidency was seen to be important that we began throwing it as an empty honor to nobodies. Our fathers might have been excused for treating the office with levity, for they had had no experience of its possibilities, but they did not. They carried out the intent of the constitution makers. At first they even went so far in that direction as to vote for two men, giving the Presidency to the high man and the Vice-Presidency to the second. This did not work out well, so they substituted the practice of voting for one man for President and another for Vice-President. But the Vice-Presidents were still picked with care and with a possible White House always in view. They were George Clinton, Elbridge Gerry, Daniel D. Tompkins, John C. Calhoun and Martin Van Buren.

In 1836, for the first time since the change, there was a sudden lowering of the standard for Vice-Presidents. Richard M. Johnson, who was elected with Van Buren, was chosen for the same reason now advanced as a qualification for Mr. Hull and others. He lived in a border state, Kentucky, where Van Buren, a New Yorker, was not strong. Otherwise he was merely a second-rate politician. In 1840 Harrison's running mate, John Tyler, was chosen for a still lower reason. He was not even a member of Harrison's party, and was opposed to nearly all its principles; and it was shallowly calculated that this would attract a number of opposition votes. The result ought to have been a terrible lesson. Harrison died just after his inauguration, and for four years the country suffered under the administration of the only really unfit President of the whole nineteenth century.

However, the nation learned nothing. It carelessly threw the office to men such as Garret A. Hobart, as a reward for his contributions to party campaign funds; James S. Sherman, because his friends in Congress regarded "Sunny Jim" as a good fellow; Adlai E. Stevenson, a mediocre politician, because he was by honest conviction a spoilsman and would therefore mitigate the hostility of other spoilsmen toward Cleveland; and so on, endlessly. In 1880, when Garfield was nominated, the convention actually nominated for Vice-President the boss of the then disreputable and insignificant local New York machine which represented the opposition of John Kelly's Tammany Hall. The only office he had ever held was Collector of the Port of New York, and he had been removed from that by a Republican President. Garfield died after six months in office, and Arthur succeeded him. The provincial New York boss turned out to be an excellent President. But he had been made Vice-President not because anybody suspected him of ability, but to head off a possible knifing of the ticket in New York by his own faction.

In this matter, as in all others which seem to require a sustained effort of the people, argument and appeal are a waste of energy. There is no use at all in telling an uninterested nation that it ought to do as its fathers did when they elected Vice-President John Adams and Vice-President Calhoun—that is, pay some attention to what it is doing.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But there is something that can be done, and should be. The Vice-Presidency should be abolished. The expectations of its creators have not been fulfilled. It is a useless office, and, as Tyler proved—and as Arthur would have proved if he had been the nincompoop he was supposed to be when he was elected—may be very much worse than useless. The country would lose nothing by its abolition, and would avoid an ever-present danger. In Tyler's case we only had to endure a feeble President. Since we pick our Vice-Presidents without reason and without examination, we may some day have to endure a bad and unscrupulous President. This is no mere fancy; on one occasion we actually did elect as Vice-President a grafter and bribe-taker, but the President fortunately lived out his term.

The succession to the Presidency does not depend on the perpetuation of this useless and risky office. In 1886, after the need for it had been apparent for nearly half a century, Congress roused itself to pass a bill providing for the presidential succession. It provided that in case of the death or disability of both President and Vice-President, the Secretary of State should take over the presidential duties. In case he too should have fallen—and this possibility had been actually present when Lincoln was killed and the conspirators tried the same night to murder Vice-President Johnson and Secretary Seward, and did wound Seward dangerously—the Secretary of the Treasury should succeed, and so on down through the Cabinet.

This is the law still. The Secretary of State is nearly always the most competent statesman the President can find. The office goes, by custom, to the leading man of the party. If he does not fill out his term, the President frequently chooses a lesser man to succeed him, but no President has ever yet appointed a stopgap Secretary of State who was not capable of being President in an emergency. The Secretary of the Treasury is pretty sure to be an able man; and even if the office should devolve upon the lowest ranking Cabinet member, which is unlikely, that officer would almost certainly be better fitted for the Presidency than one of our haphazard Vice-Presidents. For he, at least, got his job because the President thought him fit for it; he did not get it as a booby prize.

As the law stands, there is no provision that the Secretary of State should fill out the unexpired presidential term.

The law is silent about what would happen next. Either Congress could continue him in office or it could set machinery in motion for the calling of a special election; or, as was formerly the law, it could decide that the office should go to the President pro tem. of the Senate. This is what would have happened if Andrew Johnson's impeachment had ended in his conviction and he had been expelled from office. It was, in fact, very largely the reason for that discreditable incident in our history. Johnson was impeached not solely because Congress could not get along with him but also because the radical element desired to give the place to one of their ringleaders, Benjamin F. Wade, who was President pro tem. of the Senate.

The objection may be made that the people elected the Vice-President for the purpose of having him fill out an unexpired term, and did not elect either the Secretary of State or the President of the Senate for that purpose. That objection, however, is based on an insufficient knowledge of history. Precisely as the succession bill of 1886 left undetermined the question whether the Secretary of State shall become President in fact or shall only hold the office temporarily, so the constitution left undetermined the question of whether the Vice-President should do so. For half a century after the adoption of the constitution no one knew (or even thought much about the question) whether the Vice-President would become President or merely discharge the duties of the office until Congress should decide what to do next. And when the matter was decided, it was not decided by Congress, by constitutional amendment, by law, or by popular vote. It was decided by the will of one man. That man, strange to say, was John Tyler. It was his only contribution to our governmental system, but it was a mightily important one.

While nobody knew what would happen to the Presidency if the President died, the almost unquestioned assumption was that the Vice-President would merely discharge the duties of the office temporarily and await the action of Congress. When President William Henry Harrison died, a month after his inauguration, congressional leaders at once began considering how they should arrange for the succession. Harrison's Cabinet, too, offered their services to the Vice-President until such time as Congress should act. They even let him know the correct form for his signature to public documents. It was, "John Tyler, Acting President." Tyler arrived from his home in Virginia, went to the White House, and signed his name to the first official document he saw. The signature read, "John Tyler, President of the United States."

It was the boldest act of his life, the boldest act any President ever performed. The indignation in Congress was great. The great leader of thought in the House of Representatives, ex-President John Quincy Adams, relieved his feelings in bitter words which, however, he confined to his private papers and withheld from the public. There was nothing they could do without precipitating a revolutionary struggle over the Presidency, so they submitted. From that day to this the Vice-President has succeeded to all the powers and the whole remaining tenure of office.

But there is no reason why he should. He does, but only because the Vice-President in 1841 happened to be John Tyler. If he had been Adams, Calhoun, Clay or Benton, or any other of the time's great leaders, except possibly Webster, the decision would have been the other way, and there would have been a different precedent. And we would have some justification for our sloppy way of making Vice-Presidents.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE VULGATE REVISION

By HARVEY WICKHAM

SOMETIME in the near future there will issue from the Vatican Press a folio volume some three inches in thickness. This will be the books of Exodus and Leviticus in the revised Latin text prepared by the Commission of Benedictines which, in May, 1907, was appointed by His Holiness, Pope Pius X, to restore the Vulgate to as close a conformity with the original manuscript of Saint Jerome as is humanly possible with all the resources of modern scholarship at command. Thus, while the quaint Protestant legend that the Church cares little for the Bible flutters slowly to its death—scarcely a month goes by in which some popular magazine does not attempt to add a new splint to the broken wings of this unfortunate bird—the eternal search for truth under the guidance of Rome goes steadily on.

The new volume, typographically similar to the revised Genesis already published, attains its great size because of the almost incredible wealth of notes with which it is supplied. And as it is intended to bring out the entire Bible, book by book, in the same fashion, it no longer requires scholarship to appreciate the magnitude of the undertaking.

As everybody knows, the text now authorized and used in the missal was first established by order of Clement VIII, in 1592, and is founded upon the incomparable translation made by Saint Jerome in the last quarter of the fourth century under the authority of Pope Saint Damasus. But as none of the Saint Jerome manuscripts have been in existence since many centuries ago, the question arises: How many corruptions, due to the earlier making of copies and copies of copies, were preserved rather than eradicated by the Clementine recension? And is there any way of getting back to the true readings, now at this late day, when some variations are to be noted even in the Clementine?

To the last inquiry, Catholic scholarship answers a triumphant yes, embodied in the two volumes under consideration. As to the need for the work, some 2,000 corrections had to be made in Genesis alone and a proportionate number will be noted in the new edition of Exodus and Leviticus. It should be remarked, however, and at once, that thus far none of the alterations—restorations, rather—are, in the opinion of the Commission, of any doctrinal significance. The changes are interesting, but minor, and have been suggested only by that craving for perfection which refuses to tolerate any flaw, however trifling, if it may by any possibility be removed.

It was in November, 1907, that the selected representatives of the Benedictine order met at the International College of Saint Anselm, in Rome, to decide upon the necessary steps to be taken for the beginning of the work. Francis Aiden Gasquet, then abbot and president of the English Benedictines, presided. This venerable scholar, now a Cardinal and in his eighty-second year, still remains in charge. Twice has serious illness threatened to remove him, but—his health happily restored—he may be seen any day at his post in the old palace of Saint Calixtus adjoining the church of Santa Maria in Trastevere, to which, in 1914, the quarters of the Commission were removed. Devoting himself with rare singleness of purpose to the great task imposed upon him by Pius X, His Eminence has been forced to abandon those historical studies for which he was earlier noted—"An abandonment which, for me, was the hardest task of all," to quote his own words.

Cardinal Gasquet is the author of the article on the Vulgate in the Catholic Encyclopedia, and has been described by Cardinal Merry del Val as "preëminently the right man in the right place."

The other day I was introduced by this preëminently right man to some of his assistants, and given a glimpse of the fascinating processes by which is achieved the feat of rewriting a manuscript no longer in existence.

Imagine a long, low room, furnished in the plainest fashion with heavy wooden tables and chairs, but filled with that golden silence so precious to men of study. At the tables sit monks in spectacles, poring over endless writings. The walls are lined with bookcases filled with photographs of Latin Bibles gathered together from all quarters of Europe. The collection, made by Dom Henri Quentin, already numbers some 250 great tomes, and is being constantly added to.

Nor does this collection by any means represent all the material examined. Nearly all the catalogues of biblical manuscripts in existence were consulted, and nearly seven hundred exemplars were passed upon, counting only those anterior to the eleventh century. From these a selection was made, retaining the more valuable only.

As it takes about a year merely to read the Bible through, devoting half an hour a day to the task, one may imagine the time required to examine a single text in detail, comparing it word by word with another text, noting the changes in writing, the corrections, erasures, etc., capable of being utilized as indications for revision. Had it been attempted to send to the various libraries all the monks necessary to make the required collations upon the actual manuscripts themselves, the monasteries would have been emptied—supposing that the superiors would have permitted such a thing. Hence the resort to photography in the case of the 250 Bibles mentioned.

The process used was that invented by Monsignor Graffin, which results in a negative print. That is to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

say, the white of the original parchment appears as a black background, against which the beautiful hand-written letters—most of them of that form known as uncials—stand out clearly in white. To secure these photographs, Dom Quentin ransacked the libraries of France, England, Germany, Italy, Switzerland and Spain, reproducing their most treasured copies of the Vulgate page by page; and by merely multiplying prints of the negatives thus obtained, it has been made possible for collaborators residing in different parts of the world to labor together in harmony without ever leaving their own monastic cells.

That there might be no confusion, a uniform edition of the Clementine Bible was printed, the text confined to a narrow column at the left, the rest of the page blank to afford space for the writing in of such variations as the collation of the different manuscripts might bring to light. The process is similar to that of correcting an ordinary proof sheet. The next step was to write each verse across the top of a separate strip of paper and to note all the various readings beneath it. The results were reviewed by a second set of scholars, and a definitive text thus established with the possibility of oversights reduced to an approximate zero. Does it any longer seem remarkable that the preparation of Genesis, Exodus and Leviticus should have consumed so many years?

The first official report, which was made in 1909, says:

> The object of the Commission of Revision is definite and limited. It is to determine the text of Saint Jerome's Latin translation . . . not to produce any new version. How far Saint Jerome was correct in his translation is altogether another matter, and to determine this will no doubt be the work of some future commission.

The value of the original Vulgate is, however, touched upon, for the report continues:

> At the present day, scholars are practically agreed as to the competence of Saint Jerome. . . . He had access to Greek and other manuscripts even then considered ancient, which are no longer known to us; he could compare dozens of texts for every one which we can now examine, and he had means of testing the value of his authorities which we do not now possess.

The advantages which the fourth century possessed over the present become, in fact, more apparent the more one considers the manuscripts available today. The Nash papyrus, though probably dating from the second century, is a mere fragment, giving but twenty-four lines of a pre-Massoretic text of the Ten Commandments, and two passages from Deuteronomy. The oldest Greek manuscripts are the New Testament papyrus in the Archduke Rainer collection, at Vienna —a few verses, attributed to the second century; and the Oxyrhyncus papyrus of the third century, preserving about a third of the Epistle to the Hebrews. As for Latin, the oldest existing manuscript of the complete Bible of any importance is the Codex Amiatinus, known to date from the eighth century and now in Florence. One should not, of course, forget the Vercelli Gospels, formerly in the cathedral church of Vercelli but removed (in a bad state of preservation) in 1909 to the Vatican. This, perhaps the most precious document in all the world, is usually assigned to the fourth century. But for Hebrew manuscripts of the Old Testament of any completeness, it is no longer possible to find copies dating earlier than the ninth century.

Dom Quentin reminds us in his monograph, La Vulgate à Travers les Siècles, dated 1926 and available only in French, that

> The earliest language of the Church, at Rome, was Greek. It was in Greek that Saint Paul wrote his Epistle to the Romans. In reading the Holy Scriptures in the assemblies of the faithful, one employed Greek as the original language so far as the New Testament was concerned, while for the greater part of the Old Testament recourse was had to the Greek translation of the Septuagint

—that is of the seventy (tradition has it seventy-two) Israelites said to have been appointed by Ptolemy II Philadelphus, king of Egypt, to make a Greek version of their law, at some time between 284 B. C. and 247 B. C. There is much doubt about the part which Ptolemy played in the affair, but no doubt at all about the immense fame and authority achieved by the translation, which Saint Jerome himself once believed to be inspired—and then became the chief means by which it was supplanted.

Dom Quentin continues his valuable and interesting observations:

> The situation was necessarily changed when the Latin element became dominant in the Christian assemblies. It was needful, in order to make the Bible comprehended by all, that it should be translated into Latin. This translation was from the Greek, and was without definite system.

Thus Saint Augustine remarks in his Treatise on the Christian Doctrine:

> One can count those who have translated the Scriptures from Hebrew into Greek; but as to Latin, it is impossible. In the early days of the Faith, the first comer who had in hand an example of the Greek text and believed himself sufficiently acquainted with the two languages, Latin and Greek, permitted himself to undertake a new version.

It was to bring order out of this chaos that Pope Saint Damasus commissioned Saint Jerome, about the year 380, to rid the Latin Bible of its unscholarly defects. The first result was the appearance, in 383, of the Jerome version of the Gospels, made from a comparison of the Latin texts then in use. There followed, between 384 and 385, a revision of the rest of the New Testament. Then came that revision of the Psalter known today as the Roman Psalter, succeeded in 387 by a second revision (this time from the Greek) commonly referred to as the Psautier Gallican. A

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

revision of the rest of the Old Testament, from the Greek of the Septuagint, begun in 388, was completed in 391. And now, finally, Saint Jerome, between 398 and 405, achieved his great work, known as the Vulgate, in which he made use not only of the Septuagint but of the best Hebrew versions of the Old Testament then in existence. Less than a hundred years after his death it had penetrated everywhere; by the seventh century it was in general use.

Inevitably, this pure text of the Vulgate began in its turn to suffer corruptions at the hands of copyists. At the beginning of the thirteenth century, the professors of the University of Paris decided upon a text, and ordered that no others should thereafter be copied in the libraries of the University. But unfortunately the text chosen was inferior to many others—especially to that known as the Recension Alcuinienne. And it was this version established by the University of Paris which was dominant when the invention of printing came to spread the Bible broadcast. The tyranny of the University of Paris version was not broken until the Council of Trent authorized a new edition. Four pontifical commissions worked upon it, and it appeared in 1592, under Clement VIII—the authorized Latin version of the present day. Since then many scholars have endeavored to remove the more obvious defects of the Recension Clementine, but not till the present Commission was appointed were plans finally laid down of a scope sufficiently broad to give promise of the practical reëstablishment of the Vulgate of Saint Jerome.

There are two methods of textual criticism, the one objective, the other subjective. The rules governing subjective criticism were first codified by Professor Jean-Jacques Griesbach, of Jena, toward the end of the eighteenth century. Griesbach, finding himself confronted by different readings of the same passage, chose that reading which was intrinsically the "best." But how is one to determine what is best? By using the light of the known habits of the author, said Griesbach, his ideas, his style and the grammar of his epoch. He was also of the opinion that a short reading should take precedence over one that is longer; a clear reading over one that is difficult or obscure; a familiar reading over one that is uncommon. The critic tries to put himself in the place of the author, to select such readings as he feels the author most naturally might have written. But as one knows the style of an author only by such copies of his works as have survived, it is obvious that the attempt to correct these copies by impressions of style derived from the copies themselves is to reason in a vicious circle. Dom Quentin remarks:

> It all comes down to the personal taste of the editor, and it is found in practice that two editors seldom agree as to what reading is intrinsically the best.

Therefore the present Commission has adopted the more objective and scientific method developed by Charles Lachmann in his Greek New Testament, published in 1842. The manuscripts to be compared are first divided into groups, each group consisting of the copies of some single anterior manuscript, now lost, which is called the archetype. Curiously enough, it is by noting mistakes that these groups are chiefly determined, for when a number of mistakes run through several manuscripts it is safe to assume that they are reduplications of the same mistakes in the original.

> In the special case of the first eight books of the Vulgate [to quote again from Dom Quentin's pamphlet] our classification of manuscripts has established the fact that the versions attach themselves to their common origin by three principal roots. In other words, they are of three principal families. The first is composed of Spanish manuscripts having at their head the Pentateuque of Tours, of the sixth and seventh centuries. The second derives from the recension of Théodulfe d'Orléans, its most ancient portion being represented by the Ottobonianus of the seventh century. The third comes from the Amiatinus of the seventh and eighth centuries, and is composed of manuscripts copied from the recension of Alcuin.

By comparing the chosen readings from these three groups, the archetype of all is arrived at. But does this archetype represent exactly the text of Saint Jerome? Dom Quentin, on this head, utters the following warning:

> Here it is necessary for us to be very cautious. In itself, the archetype of a tradition of manuscripts does not necessarily conform, down to the most minute details, with the text of the author. It would be almost a miracle if it did so. In every tradition of an ancient work, there is generally a sufficiently wide gap between the original work and the archetype of the manuscripts which remain to us.
>
> But we are assuredly in a much better situation in regard to the Vulgate than we are in regard to Tacitus, for example. He wrote his Annals and his Histories at the commencement of the second century, but the most ancient manuscripts of these works which we possess are of the ninth and eleventh centuries. For the Vulgate, our archetype is scarcely a century later than Saint Jerome himself. Nevertheless, this archetype was already marred by a certain number of faults, and the proof of this is that some of them are to be found throughout our tradition. But we should not complain too much of this, because these faults, not common to a mere group but characteristic of the tradition in its entirety, furnish the best possible evidence of the unity of the tradition itself.

The Bible in Latin, then, far from being the work of obscurantists who sought to hide the sacred Scriptures from the people, was one of the first means adopted to bring them to common knowledge. And the Church, adhering in its saving conservatism to the Latin version for liturgical purposes, is preserving for the world no mere translation from older Greek or Hebrew manuscripts still in existence, but what is in substance the best and most ancient record obtainable of the sacred Scriptures themselves.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ARE CHURCH AND STATE SEPARATE?

By CLARENCE MANION

NEARLY everyone has been led to believe that the separation of church and state is one of our cherished American indispensables. It is casually accepted as the sine qua non of our free institutions. Even the most precarious Congressman may safely laud the virtues attendant upon such separation and become sonorously alarmed at any suggestion of union.

Nevertheless the church and state are at least companionately married in the United States, and few there are who would have the courage to petition for a divorce. True, our bishops are not now on the federal payroll, but this situation may eventually be remedied. At most it is a mere bagatelle. The fact remains that the church and state have found a common, unified sanction for their respective decrees. Heaven and hell have disappeared; the policeman's club has thrown both into total eclipse. "The church," says the Reverend Clarence True Wilson of Washington, in the Forum, "unites its efforts with the efforts of the state to get sin out of people's hearts and homes, out of our institutions and off our streets." The state cannot detect sin. Abstractly considered, it has no standard of morality. The church cheerfully supplies the standard, and enthusiastically helps to write it into our penal codes. Every minister of the Gospel thus becomes a de facto deputy sheriff. It was the inevitable consequence of choosing what is easy and expedient when sharp distinctions made on principle would call for the employment of valuable time and troublesome thought. But what is more important, adherence to principle would have meant depriving ourselves of some strongly desired institutions. In America, "conservative" is a polite term used to describe one who is eccentric to the point of stupidity.

Dr. Wilson assumes that it is the business of the state to chase sin. Not one American in ten would now challenge the correctness of this view, but all would enthusiastically affirm that the separation of church and state has been, is now, and should ever be rigidly maintained. Yet how is the state, a purely secular, non-religious and unmoral institution, to pursue and punish sin unless the church—some church—first defines and characterizes it? Obviously if it is the state's function, or any part of the state's function, to ferret out and punish immorality, the state must at the outset form some sort of a partnership with religion; a union is inevitable. We have such a union now precisely because we desire to have one, and in the United States we are accustomed to what we want when we want it, constitutional limitations to the contrary notwithstanding.

A well-ordered society is kept in place mainly by religious and social sanctions. These may overlap. For instance, let us suppose that citizen Brown is discovered in a compromising situation. He has violated the commandments of his church and the minister threatens him with eternal damnation. By the same compromising act, Brown violates a well-established social canon and is ostracized at the club. These are painful penalties and they have always obtained. Now, however, Brown may, in addition to all this, be arrested, fined and imprisoned. Why? Because he has sinned, and temporal as well as eternal punishment is demanded by a militant church. Technically he is arraigned on what the newspapers call a "statutory charge," but this is simply another way of saying that the church is ensconced at police headquarters and is demanding its pound of flesh. The minister is unwilling to allow God to square the score. He has lost confidence in God's justice, and empty pews testify to the growth of similar convictions on part of his congregation. When it is possible for Brown to be tried and imprisoned upon a "statutory charge," church and state are as effectively united as they were in the days when Halloren was thrown into the calaboose for going to Mass. Practically speaking, goodness and badness are matters of viewpoint, and the separation of church and state is a simple guarantee that the prevailing viewpoint will not capture the civil and criminal courts.

Properly to separate church and state one must become as coldly analytical as Jefferson was. A declaration to the effect that a separation is in effect will not suffice, no matter how frequently or how vociferously it is reiterated. The incongruity of Esau's hands and Jacob's voice is still patent. We must first realize the fact that the state has one function to perform and religion quite another. We must bring ourselves to understand that one may offend the state without offending God, and that he may likewise offend God without giving the state any excuse to prosecute him. We have now, and have always had, countless varieties of religions in the United States—and this is the chiefest reason why no one of them has ever been established by law—but we have only one generic state. Religious purposes therefore, are myriad, but government has only one purpose. If church and state are to be separated, then this governmental purpose must be entirely disconnected with any of the diverse purposes of numberless religions. To say that the government is instituted to bring about "the greatest good to the greatest number," or to establish "the general welfare," is not only to rewrite all of our constitutional history, but also to draw the prevailing and most influential church into an indissoluble union with the state.

Church and state have become united in America precisely because we have forgotten why an American government was instituted. Since the Civil War our

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

reaction to the Fourth of July has been entirely emotional and unscientific. Two things happened to America on July 4, 1776, but at present we seem to be able to recall only one of them. First of all, we separated from the British governmental household—and this is what all or most of us delight to remember. Secondly, we laid the foundation for a state of our own. We pointed the way our government was to go, and it is precisely because the British government was following another route that we divorced it a vinculo. The prevailing motif of American independence was the rights of man. We declined to admit the supremacy of Parliament, king, or anyone or anything else. In the official American estimation the individual man was supreme, and the only possible excuse that a civil government might have for existing was the necessity of protection for this individual man from the avarice, cupidity and encroachment of his fellows. The Declaration of Independence speaks the "self-evident" truth that "inalienable rights" exist, and then it significantly adds: "That to secure these rights governments are instituted among men." In other words, no man is to be criminally punished in this new America until he has violated an inalienable right of his fellow-man.

This seems to cramp the government into a very narrow and altogether unsatisfactory province. Let us see. A assaults B and injures him. Is not a government charged with the duty of protecting the rights of B justified in punishing A in such a case? The same justification likewise applies to punishments for larceny, murder, rape and various types of trespass. But may a government charged with the sole duty of protecting rights punish A for "sin"? Clearly not, unless it so happens that A's sin violates some right of a fellow-citizen, and in such a case the injured citizen—and not the grand jury nor the local minister—should bring the charge. The state does not—or should not—take any cognizance of "sin" as such, but it does take a solemn cognizance of an injury to a citizen or his property.

While this distinction was borne in mind church and state remained separate in America. For his sins the citizen was left to be punished hereafter; for the injuries he inflicted upon his fellows he was punished in jail. But the government has bulged out of its revolutionary garments precisely because Jeffersons are no longer at the helm, and because the necessary "eternal vigilance" is not eternal at all, but notoriously and disappointingly transient.

Government in America has drifted back to what it is elsewhere, and to what it has been elsewhere for thousands of years: namely, the great molder of what is judged to be a proper standard of life. Liberty, that is any more liberty than the prevailing majority sees fit to let one have, is no longer an inalienable gift of the Creator, it has become criminal. The courts mumble the ancient phraseology but their decisions end with weighty references to the sanctity of the "police power" and the "general welfare." Social scientists applaud and celebrate the Fourth of July with a public speech which begins with Jefferson and closes with a ringing plea for stricter sterilization laws. Those who are acquainted with the phrasing of the Declaration of Independence are afraid to read it aloud. Even a child can understand that there is no connection between the protection of inalienable rights and the closing of Sunday movies. The once sure and severe punishment of the state is now diffused over a multitude of offenses that are shown to be purely artificial when the standard of the Declaration of Independence is applied. A book-maker is indicted, but the murderer goes free. The church is locked; God has gone to the court house.

The Spy

I am a spy, and I have seen . . .
But first I must tell you
About the chinks and the keyholes
Where you may be certain of spying.
You know some of them yourself if you
Have ever lain on summer grass
To watch the smooth white daylight pass
And seen the night come down the sky
Pouring grey wonder silkily
Through apple boughs that straightway bloom
With little stars and a full-blown moon.

But the stars
And the filigree of apple boughs
Against a satin sky
Are not the things on which you spy.
They are the signs
That the time and the place are as right for peeking
As down in the pasture by the granite rock,
Where cool, damp, earthy smells come sneaking
Out of the tamarack swamp
When day goes by.

What was it I saw in the orchard and down by the swamp?
It was . . .
I ought to be able to tell you what it was
Because
I ran all the way back through the pasture
With my eyes shut
So that I could remember
But
I cannot tell you anything.

That is why it is safe, I think,
For every keyhole and every chink
To be unstuffed and unguarded.
A daisy poising perilously
Is a keyhole open for those who see.
But you never can remember
What it was you saw.

That is why Lazarus
Never told anything when he came
Back from the grave,
Nor Jairus's daughter,
Nor the son of the widow of Naim.

SISTER MARIELLA.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FARM MINDS IN FINANCE

By GEORGE E. ANDERSON

NO DOUBT Senator Duncan U. Fletcher of Florida has the best of intentions toward the farmers of the United States in his defense of the former management of the government's land-bank system. Senator Fletcher was chairman of the congressional commission which visited Europe to investigate the farm-mortgage institutions in that part of the world preliminary to the establishment of the present dual system in the United States. He was largely instrumental in the passage of the laws founding the American farm-mortgage institutions, and has had much to do with legislation affecting them since their establishment.

In a statement issued in Washington several months ago the Senator opposed the changes in the personnel of the Farm Loan Board made some time before, as a result of which the management of the land banks was brought more in harmony with the ideas of the Treasury Department in the matter. He stated in explaining his opposition that

> to remove men with the farmer mind wholly in sympathy with the known aim and purposes of the farm loan act is nothing less than a tragedy.

He opposed the confirmation of Messers. Eugene Meyer, George R. Cooksey and Floyd R. Harrison, the new members of the Board, because

> Meyer is a banker and broker with no agricultural experience and his two associates, who were brought over from beside the remains of the War Finance Corporation, know really less than he does about the needs of the American farmer.

and like

John P.
Robinson he
Says he won't vote
For Governor B.

But is the "farmer mind" what is needed on the Farm Loan Board for the benefit of the American farmer? If any criticism is to be offered as to the management of the farm-loan bank system since its establishment it is that there has been rather too much of the "farmer mind" and not enough of the financial mind in their operation. The use of the term in itself is disturbing and the distinction made by Senator Fletcher is not a happy one. If the farm-loan banks are to continue to function successfully, in fact if they are to continue to function at all, their loans must be based conservatively upon lands after careful appraisal, and there can be no looseness or favoritism shown the farmer or anyone else in this respect.

It requires no particular "farmer mind" to appreciate the need of absolutely sound policy in this respect; in fact, one instinctively shies away from the idea of a farmer in finance, for finance is not his trade. Assuming that he is prepared to offer proper security for loans, what the farmer needs is as low a rate of interest as possible. Under the system by which the land banks are operated, the loan granted the farmer is placed at about 1 percent above the rate of interest carried by the bonds sold by the land banks to provide the funds loaned. In other words, the basis of the interest rate paid by farmers is the lowest rate at which the investing public will buy the land bank bonds. This is the very heart, the core, of the land-bank system. It follows that the best possible service to the American farmer in this connection is so to manage the land banks that the rate of interest paid by the land-bank bonds can be lowered. These bonds are income-tax exempt, and it is conceivable that, with absolute security guaranteed, they can be sold at prices approximating the price of government bonds. In other words, a lowering of the bond interest rate by 1 percent, or something like 20 percent of interest payments of farmers on their land-bank loans, is possible, provided that absolute safety of the bonds can really be assured.

Now "the farmer mind" is doubtless a very good mind for farming, but it by no means follows that it is a good mind for selling bonds at a minimum rate of interest; nor are possible loose methods in the conduct of the management of the land banks, suggested by special friendliness to the farmer, at all likely to increase public confidence in the banks to such an extent that the investing public will be willing to accept lower interest rates on these bonds than they have been bearing. It is not necessary to take either side in the controversy between the Treasury Department and the protagonists of the farmer over the control of the Farm Loan Board to appreciate the fact that what is needed in the operation of the land banks is such control and such management as will increase public confidence in them. It is the investor and not the farmer who must be cultivated in this matter, and without in any way expressing an opinion as to the present or past personnel of the Farm Loan Board, one can readily understand that the control of the Board by practical bankers with some brokerage experience on the side is, in reality, an immense advantage to the banks and, ultimately, to the farmer. These so-called banks need as much high-grade financial management as they can secure, whether it comes from Messrs. Eugene Meyer and his associates or someone else.

Life

A bandit in the shadows on the lane
He robs the travelers who pass him by,
Demanding strength and beauty till they cry
Of nothing more to give but grief and pain;
And yet how strange that at their journey's end,
When something warns the body it will die,
They cling to Life as though he were a friend!

GERTRUDE RYDER BENNETT.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SAFEGUARDS OF SLEEP

By WILLIAM EVERETT CRAM

THERE is something, I hardly know what to call it; instinct is certainly not the right word: a gift of nature's, one of her age-old safeguards to forestall the menace of attack in sleep.

The sense of hearing, just on the instant of slipping off into dreamland, becomes abnormally acute; probably approaching that keenness of hearing possessed by the wild creatures of the forest at all times. As the senses of sight and touch grow dim, and the mind, losing consciousness of its actual surroundings, becomes involved in the confused unrealities of dreams, the sharpened hearing for a period of time which may be measured in seconds or minutes—it is impossible to say which—catches every faintest sound and magnifies it. I have questioned a number of people concerning this and find that in the majority of cases their experiences are similar to my own. Just on the borderland between wakefulness and sleep, a slight noise which would have passed unnoticed at other times reawakens you with startling suddenness; while the slamming of a shutter or the creaking of a door assumes the volume of the sound of crashing timbers and the downfall of tall buildings in an earthquake.

One hot summer night many years ago, when the whole family had gone to bed with every window wide, and doors left open into the hall for further ventilation, a picture cord gave way and one of the pictures in the hall fell to the floor.

Evidently every one of us happened to be in just that stage of magnified hearing which I have been endeavoring to describe. For a time absolute silence followed; then one after another in awed, half-whispering tones, called back and forth from room to room, anxious to learn how many had survived the catastrophe.

Relating this incident to a friend, he told me of one somewhat similar in his own family. He had just been having a new furnace put in. The furnace was set up and the big ten-inch metal pipes for conducting the hot air to the upper rooms had been connected. An intake for outdoor air extended upward from the bottom of the hot air chamber. The family had retired and silence reigned throughout the house. Two hostile tomcats met on the lawn, and one, losing courage at the last moment, bolted for the air passage. The other pounced on him and together they rolled down into the air chamber of the furnace where they fought it out to the end. The only outlet for the battle din led upward through the metal pipes. Every member of that household became instantly wide awake; each convinced that the feline conflict was taking place beneath his own particular bed, and demanding of all the others to come and help in the task of separating and reconciliating the combatants. It was not until morning came that careful investigation told the whole story.

I think it may safely be taken for granted that this extreme sensitiveness of hearing just as sleep is taking possession of us is something retained from life in the forest, and that wild creatures also possess the gift, probably in far greater measure.

Cats and dogs unquestionably dream as we do, as anyone may be convinced by observing the twitching whiskers and tail and outstretched claws of any household pussy in her sleep, or the wagging tail and movements of the legs of any dog of any breed during his afternoon nap. Young lambs when fast asleep often wiggle their little woolly tails just as they do when taking milk from their mothers. Household pets and domestic animals alike, however, have, through generations of depending for protection upon their masters, become so accustomed to sleeping amid all the bustle of household affairs and noise of farm work as to have, in all probability, lost much of this protective gift; and in the case of wild animals in a state of nature, investigation is very difficult.

Foxes, weasels and rabbits are brought wide awake by the slightest noise that threatens approaching danger, seeming to have the power, even while asleep, of distinguishing between the regular routine of forest sounds and those that may tell of the coming of an enemy. Hearing and scent are probably both depended upon, but neither of these is of much avail against the wind; and yet although it is much easier to approach sleeping wild creatures against the wind, it is only rarely that you can come very near before they take alarm. The sense of sight may serve to warn them even when fast asleep. Closed eyelids do not keep out all the light. Weasels, hares and rabbits have always been believed to sleep with their eyes open, and this may be true of some other wild animals, though certainly not of all. I have on various occasions tried to determine this point by careful observation of both weasels and wild rabbits kept in confinement for a few days, and have never as yet seen one of them with its eyes shut, though they would crouch motionless with regular breathing as if fast asleep. Probably in their case the eyelids are serviceable as a protection against contact with twigs and thorns, rather than for shutting out the light. A tame woodchuck, who had the run of the place all one summer, used to sleep curled up into a ball with his paws over his eyes and was not easily aroused, and I have more than once come across young wild woodchucks fast asleep in this way in the sun; but of no other wild animal that I know is this true.

Raccoons sleep soundly throughout the day, flattened out on the branch of a tree whose bark matches the color of their fur, or else curled up in the thick top of a hemlock. Foxes, both young and old, take frequent daylight naps of only a few minutes' duration. Wild deer lie down and keep the same position as a rule from nine in the morning until three in the afternoon, but quickly take alarm at your approach, either with or against the wind.

Among domestic animals, cows and horses sleep with closed eyes, while sheep, who are much nearer the wild state, evidently keep theirs open all night, for whenever I have occasion to go into the barn at night with a lantern I can count every member of the flock by the reflected light of the lantern shining from just so many pairs of eyes, though they may not get up or apparently awaken.

Ship of Dreams

On the wide sea the migrant sails go under,
Over wide bays the freighted cargo dips,
Laden with dreams and tales of lovely thunder
From lovers' vigils and from lovers' lips.
And no one sees this passing, no one grieving
Shadows the shore these vibrant sails once lit.
The ship is doomed to death; and all night's weaving
Will not restore the glow and spell of it.

Till one day, passed beyond our landmark's passing,
Over a lambent deep, we chance again
Into a lonely wreck the years' amassing
Scarce can remember, for the decks are plain,
And stripped of loveliness, and gaunt of gold
The cargo of our dreams. And we are old.

EVELYN GRAHAM.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COMMUNICATIONS

ARE WE APOSTLES?

Cherry Valley, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—At the beginning of our era, Jesus commanded his disciples and apostles to go forth and "teach all nations" and to "preach the Gospel to every creature." Mr. George N. Shuster in his book, The Catholic Spirit in America, The Commonweal in its leading article of April 4, 1928, and Mr. Michael Williams, in his address at the Metropolitan Club, reëcho this command of the Saviour with special reference to the American laymen.

The efforts of these earnest and enlightened Catholics to place upon the shoulders of the lay apostles the "sweet yoke" and the "light burden" are not whims of their exuberant natures, but a timely call to the trenches and leadership. The ever-growing dangers of the new paganism and the favorable circumstances in which Catholic laymen are placed in relation to their non-Catholic brethren, invite immediate action. With the dissolution of moral principles America falls to ruins as Rome did; and the Church is overwhelmed by a new and destructive barbarism. Catholic laymen, equipped by the infallible teacher of the world with the moral principles of order and service, are the natural leaders, if willing, of the non-Catholic religious denominations in their exertions for mental and spiritual balance, a balance which spells safety to American institutions and promotion of the Church's divine mission.

In his analysis of American Catholicism, Mr. Shuster reveals some grave hindrances to this effective lay apostolate—at least in the past. In these weaknesses Mr. Shuster finds the source of our timidity and our reluctance to undertake the mission which God has given us and which America assuredly calls for.

1. The Nordic fever, so wide-spread for some years after the war, contributed to the closing of the national gates to the flood of European immigration. Though this was conceived and executed in race antagonism coupled with other motives, the effect was bound to be the very opposite of that intended by the noble Nordics. At one stroke the federal government simplified the most difficult problem the Church faced for generations. At once the conviction spread that the time for the unification of the American Church's resources, intellectual, spiritual and social, had arrived; the end of Catholicism's dispersal into national groups came in sight, and a new era of unified influence dawned for American Catholics.

But the extreme Anglo-Saxon pressure of the Nordics marred, for a time at least, the blessings they brought to the Church through the restrictive immigration laws. A reaction set in, and group consciousness was re-awakened. No one may doubt the loyalty of these groups to America and to the Mother Church; but it is a loyalty of faith in the government of the country and the Church, and not a loyalty to the traditional and necessary mission of Catholicism; a static loyalty, not dynamic. The idea of their being responsible for the widening sweep of the net, and of gathering "the other sheep," never enters their group-minds. Their best energies are frittered away in their group-concerns and group bickerings, even in conflicts between the several bodies. The loss of productive effectiveness is enormous. More than half of the Catholics in America have no influence upon the lives of other Americans; they are as if they were not. Their group journals, magazines and associations absorb all the intelligent and educated members from among them, isolate them, submerge them and then annihilate them, as far as their real influence upon America is concerned.

The few who think nationally of their obligations are also handicapped by being divided into opposing camps which distrust each other. The Church is not an appanage nor a department of any state or nation. For her liberty of action and independence from state intermeddling the Church fought for centuries. Neither is it the duty—impossible of fulfilment anyhow—or the privilege of the Church to embody every law of every state or nation in her legal system or moral code. And it is simply preposterous to ask the Church to sanction formally laws that are at variance with laws of other nations where her children also dwell and are sanctified. The responsibility for the enactment and execution of such laws rests with the citizens, not the Church; as the responsibility for the choice of Hamiltonians or Jeffersonians—a profound difference in principle—to conduct their government, is the nation's and not the Church's. The Church was never timid in exposing and condemning dogmatic falsehoods or immoral principles; for this she bled and suffered through the ages down to our days. But the mission of the Church is not political nor partisan, it is divine and all-embracing; not temporary nor local, but universal and until time is no more. Were the talents and the intelligence which are engaged in the aid of American Erastianism focused on the mission of the Church in America, the results would be also divine, and not political and destructive, as they are today.

2. We refuse to admit it, but it is true, nevertheless, that bread-making is our chief occupation. It becomes self-evident the moment we place some examples before ourselves. When, in our vanity, we wish to enlarge our loaf with poisonous leaven and are forbidden, our spiteful selfishness tears the flour-sacks and, through enigmas and unfriendly periodicals, bespatters the Mother that fed our hungry soul and gratified our mental appetite.

This same trait in us manifests itself in our forgetting the wise traditions of the Church, in our treatment of men of great capacities and mental fertility who were bred in direct opposition to the Church's doctrine, or became imbued as non-Catholics with philosophies incompatible with either the doctrine or the moral code of the Church. The same ability and the same high position that wrought evil for the Church through ignorance or passion frequently became the greatest exponent of Catholic dogma, an energetic defender of the Church's sacred mission, and a revivifying spring at which thousands slaked their thirst for truth and peace. "Bigot, ignoramus"—how crude the very sound of these words when applied to men of sincere conviction or a passionate desire to arouse the slothful and dormant! To crush the opportunities of position, ability, and strong passion of any individual, has never been sanctioned by the Church, and is contrary to human nature. Only noble sympathy may guide them into channels of service and sanctity. The road traveled by the Augustines, Huysmans, Newmans, Brownsons and Heckers was not the road of personal abuse; the lamps of truth were lit along their paths, and the fires of charity burned for their spiritual comfort. No man can enter the troubled heart of the world today with any assurance of success, unless, in the glow of charity, he becomes the patient ear of the confused, the bewildered and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sad, seekers for the freedom of eternity, fettered by the resisting cords of family, class, position and enthralling tradition.

"The indulgence of ease is fatal to excellence." In our comforts and ease we have buried the flower of perfection. Wading through pools of blood, harassed by moral upheavals and mental aberrations, suffering from religious persecutions since the days of the French Revolution, old Europe remains the mother of confessors, enlarging the heroic company of Innocence and Penance in every generation. And America! free and protected in her religious exercises, raising monuments of faith and sky-piercing towers, planting schools, convents and asylums, is barren of any son or daughter at whose shrine she may offer the gifts peculiar to the American people, and appeal to the heavens for the special blessings we stand in need of in this country. Not one mediator, not one intercessor, who lived, and thought and labored in the American atmosphere, since the consecration of John Carroll! Not one interpreter of our lives; not one centre where the American Catholics might gather, and whence they might draw draughts of inspiration from one circumstanced in the past as they are today. Our Catholic Literature days attract famous orators, the Union week is an inspiration to charity, our novenas fill our churches. But not one sigh pierces the vault of heaven imploring the Seat of Mercy for an advocate of our own flesh and blood. If the middle classes—land and commercial—serve as levers of stability in every society, they are also obstacles in the way of progress and the flowering of heroic ideas that transform and ennoble; they feed the physically hungry and strangle the rising ideals of the spirit. Here, as in a mirror, we may see the reflections of our thoughts and our actions: Self-satisfied with the temporal and lukewarm with the eternal, at peace! Without embarrassments and perplexities, without crushing temptations or the lingering taste of the dregs of defeat, we promenade serenely under the protecting arms of the guardian state and the ever-vigilant Spouse of Christ.

Shall it ever be so? Divided into national and legalistic groups; consuming our selfish days in enigmas and prickings; obstinate in our opposition to those who seek life under the most trying circumstances; and tranquilly enjoying our comforts, physical and spiritual, heirlooms of martyrs, which we received without pain and personal sufferings, and which we refuse to increase by any heroic endeavor? Or will our unified energies of the mind, the heart, the spirit and the passions, focus themselves upon our mission, and bring bread to the hungry, light to the blind, and health and consolation to the sick, the bruised and the dying?

Rev. Francis J. Gostomski.

HOW CATHOLICS SEE PROTESTANTS

Louisville, Ky.

TO the Editor:—The articles in The Commonweals for May 16, and May 23, How Catholics See Protestants, by the Reverend J. Elliot Ross, touches a question that is just about identical with The Commonweal's own object in being, undoubtedly one of paramount importance.

That the get-together idea is a good one Georgia, for one place, is ample proof. It is an acknowledged fact that ignorance about us is the cause of much prejudice and intolerance. Even Senator Heflin, though he no doubt knows that many of the things he says are untrue, still might not be quite so virulent as he is, if he had not a ground-rock foundation of misinformation.

I myself have never had the pleasure of forming one of such a community, but I know of places where the whole community, Catholic and Protestant, lives together in perfect concord. Both in private daily life and in social affairs connected with the churches, they mingle freely and the spirit of the whole settlement is one of brotherly love, religious differences being lost sight of, and both, Catholic and Protestant, sincerely and earnestly faithful to their own.

Possibly we may in time develop something on the order of the Catholic Evidence Guild of England, which has done so much good. Or we may, being American, invent some way of our own to do equally good work. For instance, other districts may follow the lead made by Georgia.

Our priests tell us that we laymen have greater opportunities for spreading our faith even than they, by giving concrete examples, through our daily contacts, of what that faith, lived up to, is.

Whatever the method or means employed, first of all we must remember that whatever we do, it is "God who giveth the increase." And before all is over, there may be some of us privileged to give our blood to water this garden of the Lord, just as our brethren in Mexico are doing now.

But there is one thing that has impressed itself very forcibly upon me in my dealings with various people and that is this: Before we can enlighten our separated brethren, an enormous majority of us need to learn an incredible amount about our faith ourselves.

I have been really shocked by meeting, in the business world especially, Catholics who would be ready to have a fight to defend anything they believed to be a matter of faith, who do not know the essentials of their own faith. I have even known Protestants better informed about Catholicism than some Catholics. And they were not Catholics who had attended public schools either. It was simply a question of not studying their religion any better than their other subjects, and sometimes the results are deplorable.

Some of our local Catholic high schools are sending their pupils out into the country districts during the summer season to teach catechism to the people of the backwoods districts. Those I know who have gone were not of the kind mentioned above, but work of that kind might do more to raise the standard of religious intelligence among our Catholic people, as well as among those outside of the fold, than any other thing, as it would give a definite purpose and outline to their study of religion.

Anastasia M. Lawler.

ANNULMENT STATISTICS

New Orleans, La.

TO the Editor:—Perhaps the following figures from the Revue Apologétique may prove of interest:

Between October, 1916, and October, 1922, 117 matrimonial cases were tried by the Rota. In sixty-nine of these, all charges were paid in full; thirty-nine were absolutely free, without charge of any kind, and for the remaining nine a mere nominal offering was made.

Of the sixty-nine that were paid for in full, forty-six were decided favorably; of the remaining forty-eight, forty were decided favorably.

Rev. M. J. Walsh, S.J.

(The Commonweal invites its readers to send in communications expressing individual views on all topics that are of public interest, regardless of whether or not such topics have been previously discussed in its columns.—The Editors.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

POEMS

Rain in the Poplar

From my window I can see
Rain is in the poplar tree.

Slanting silver ribbons tie
All its branches to the sky.

The proud poplar shakes its head,
Fretted by the silver thread;

Wrestles to and fro in vain
With the power of the rain.

Trembles, quivers, softly grieves,
Scattering diamond-studded leaves.

As I watch the cords grow taut,
Suddenly my heart is caught

In the tossing branches; clings,
Tangled in the silver strings

Till a trinity are we:
Heart and sky and poplar tree.

PHYLLIS MCGINLEY.

Con Amore

(At a Paderewski Concert)

There were no jeweled lights, or growing things,
  And all the stage was bare until he came,
  To fill it with his presence like a flame.
And then, as ministers attend on kings,
The masters gathered with their counselings!
  Time paused to yield an hour at their claim;
  Beethoven, hearing, answered to his name,
While Liszt and Chopin waited in the wings.

Here was a glory the immortals knew—
  To storm the yielding ramparts of the dark,
  With all the rapture that was Shakespeare's lark,
Yet David sang, and was a warrior, too.
  So shall his country write upon his scroll:
  "This was not music—this was Poland's soul!"

MARY BRENT WHITESIDE.

Cry During Anguish

Four walls are crushing me,
And the house smothers!
O, may the light of day
Go, and the evening come!
Evening, the nun in grey—
She soothes and mothers.

Evening, and insects' cry,
No friend or lover.
Only a flower may fall,
Or a hope die.
Only a bird may call,
And the night cover.

MARION ETHEL HAMILTON.

Gypsy Lament

There is no shelter there within the city,
No shelter past its guarded gates, no pity.

No friends we have, for the road
Is dust, and the cloud
Means rain;
No aid is ours, for the load
On our backs, low-bowed,
Is pain.

A passing miller throws us coins,
None of them gold;
May he have aches in his fat loins,
When he is old!
He grinds his pounds from golden grain,
And prays his sins will leave no stain
Now they are washed with charity:
A curse on such a sort as he!

No friends we have but the great tree in the glade,
None other gives us shelter, offers shade,
None other is good to our *raklé* and *raklia,* our lads and lasses,
We are birds in your arms, O great tree, and at your feet, grasses.

JAMES E. TOBIN.

The Road to School

"It's a long way to school," said little Rosanne.
"Take holt of my hand, 'twill be shorter," said Dan.
" 'Tis well for the larks now up there in the sky—
I wish I was with them," said she with a sigh.
" 'Twould be fine to be footing the turf on the bog,
"I'm wishing," said she, "I was just an old dog
That never need learn A.B.C. in a school,
Or primer or grammar or tables or rule."
But Dan held her hand in his own as they talked—
And it wasn't so long as they thought when the day
Betwixt hoppin' and throttin' was well on its way,
And the two of them back on the bog road together
With the bees humming songs and the wind in the heather.

WINIFRED M. LETTS.

Fishwife

At home my father's garden had
Cabbages and flowers,
There's nothing but the salt spray
Flying in ours,
There's nothing but a bare field
And a lean cow,
There's nothing but the stink of fish
In the haymow—
But the ebbing hours are full
Of the singing sea,
And all my father's flowers are
Not more dear to me.

CAROL RYRIE BRINK.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CHALLENGE OF THE THEATRE: II

By R. DANA SKINNER

(This is the second of three articles written by Mr. Skinner for The Commonweal on a practical program for a new theatrical producing group.—The Editors.)

THE choice of plays is by far the most difficult task for a new producing group. But the notion that it must be simply glorified guesswork shoots very wide of the mark. There are several excellent ways of reducing this hazard—in fact, of so testing out promising plays in advance as to make the chances of complete failure with the public almost nil.

Of course where so many elements are involved—acting, setting and direction, as well as the play manuscript itself—we can never wholly eliminate chance, any more than in the design of new silk fabrics, dresses or automobile bodies. If anyone could predict with certainty the public reaction to a given play, that person could command a fabulous salary. But in lieu of one person's judgment, I should suggest the following procedure in the choice of a season's program of plays.

Play manuscripts are generally sold through play brokers or agents, men and women of considerable experience in the theatre, with whom one can discuss in advance the type of play desired. This eliminates much useless reading of wholly unsuitable plays. The next step is a careful reading on behalf of the producing group, preferably, for present purposes, by a permanent committee of three. One of the readers should be a practical man of the theatre with that hard-headed judgment of theatrical and acting values so necessary as a balance to literary enthusiasts. A number of plays make good reading but somehow lack the peculiar compactness, suspense and continued action which bring the acted play to life. The second reader should also know the theatre and be in close touch with modern audiences, but be qualified to pick out the special values in writing, in theme and in mood which lend a play distinction. The third reader should be fully equipped to examine the underlying ethics of the play, to distinguish between honesty and mere sensationalism in the writing, and should have a sufficiently constructive mind to suggest minor changes which might bring an otherwise good play into line with the standards of the group. This reader should also have a reasonably close view of the modern theatre and be thoroughly in sympathy with all that is best in it.

Let us suppose that the group at the start plans a season of five plays. The object of the play committee would be to select from perhaps a hundred or more manuscripts some eight or ten which the first two readers approve theatrically and the third reader ethically. It is now time for the secondary check—a highly important and impartial one. The ten plays selected should be submitted to an outside (and paid) group of three readers to whom the final selection of the five best should be left. One of this final committee should be a daily newspaper critic of marked ability and understanding, with some reputation for being able to pick plays that win public approval. I have in mind, as a type, one of the best-known New York critics who not only is a writer of distinction and fine feeling, but has an uncanny ability to predict which plays will be successful, even when he, personally, may not be in sympathy with them in the slightest degree. Of the two remaining readers, one might be a seasoned manager of the better type, and the third either another very able newspaper critic, or an established actor, or an expert director.

The result of this process would be a decision on five plays, made first with reference to the standards and special purposes of the group and secondly with reference to the currents of public interest and commercial and acting values. Under this plan there would be small chance for playing favorites among authors, or for allowing personal likes and dislikes to sway the decision of the group. Moreover, it would give reasonable assurance to the business directors of the group—probably men with little technical knowledge of the theatre—that due weight had been allowed to all points of advantage, and that they were not being asked to provide a production budget for any play that merely caught the personal enthusiasm of some one director, actor or member of the group. Nothing is more difficult for the average person than to judge a play from a manuscript—and this plan should make it unnecessary for the business management of the group to undertake a burdensome reading task from which, it is probable, they could gather, even under the most favorable circumstances, very little really helpful guidance.

There is a still further test, however, to which the chosen plays should be subjected. This is the test to which more and more commercial managers are now resorting—the stock or road try-out of a play during the summer months. There is a regular circuit of small cities and resorts within a reasonable radius of New York where the local theatres find, in the summer, audiences quite like those in New York itself—summer visitors from New York and the larger cities, colonies of playwrights, actors, artists and writers, etc. Some of these places have summer stock companies, augmented by many distinguished Broadway actors, and very reasonable arrangements can generally be made to have them try out the acting qualities of a play and test the response of a typical audience. Managers frequently discover hidden defects during such try-outs, and so are able to have the author rewrite awkward or unconvincing passages before the New York opening. Another method of test is to assemble a temporary summer cast and to try out the play in a number of resorts and small cities—the box-office receipts largely offsetting the costs of the test. This method has the advantage of showing how well certain actors play their parts, whether or not they should be retained for the New York production, and of giving the director a chance to become thoroughly familiar with the stage qualities of the play, thus adding appreciably to his assurance and effectiveness during the final rehearsals.

I might explain that plays are "purchased" on the basis of a six months' renewable option, involving an advance to the author amounting to less than one week's royalties on a fairly successful play. If by any chance a summer try-out proved the utter inadequacy of a given play, the group could release the play back to the author with no obligation to him beyond the first advance and any additional royalties the play might have earned during the test.

Thus, at the outset of its New York season, the group would control the production rights on four or five plays, selected under expert guidance and tested before paying audiences, revised if necessary to eliminate weak spots, and ready for final production at the hands of people familiar with their every aspect. Advance contracts could then be made with scenic designers (adequate used scenery can generally be found in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

theatrical storehouses for summer try-outs) with builders and painters, and for the rental or purchase of properties and lighting equipment—thus obviating the overtime costs of last-minute rush work and the tax in mental anxiety which it inevitably exacts.

This leads to one of the most important business considerations facing a new producing group—the advantage of being able to rent a theatre for an entire season. New York at present is oversupplied with playhouses. Many excellent theatres are closed—or "dark" as the phrase goes—for many weeks even during the so-called active season (August 20 to May 20). This encourages the owners to demand very high rental terms from any manager who wishes to hold a theatre merely from week to week. A not uncommon arrangement involves a weekly guarantee of $3,500 to $4,500, with the added clause that the owner receives 40 percent or more of the gross box-office receipts. Thus a play grossing $15,000 a week (a distinctly successful play) would pay to the theatre owners $6,000 a week.

Now a managing group with strong financial position setting out definitely to produce five plays could rent a playhouse for an entire season, either on a flat guaranteed rental, or on a small minimum guarantee and an added percentage for the more successful plays. One commercial manager who has adopted this system is said to rent his theatre for about $1,200 a week—so that he can pay all expenses, keep his play in production and earn a modest weekly profit on a gross of only $5,000 a week. This same gross, with a weekly rental of, say, $4,000, would hardly leave him enough to pay his actors, not to mention royalties, advertising and sundry expenses. The reason why many quite fair plays have to close in two weeks, before their audiences have time to build up by word-of-mouth recommendation, is solely because of the high weekly theatre rental. I should recommend, therefore, as an essential policy on the part of the proposed producing group, the annual, or at the very least seasonal, rental of a good though unpretentious theatre.

An added consideration for those financially interested is the increased value of the motion-picture rights for any play which runs more than four weeks in New York. Manager and author share equally in the proceeds of such a sale, and the manager's share in a play that has run, say, ten weeks is often enough to close his books with a net profit, even when the play itself may have shown a slight weekly loss. To bring theatre rental to a minimum by an annual arrangement, and thus permit a long run on a modest popular response, is from every view, a sound business procedure.

In the consideration of business details which is to follow (in my last article) I shall assume first, that the group has selected and tested a program of at least five plays by the general method outlined above, and secondly, that they have adopted the policy of renting a theatre for an entire season or year. A decent return—not a gambler's fortune—can be expected only from a well varied program of plays, carefully selected, thoroughly tested and presented consistently throughout an entire season. The present project rests entirely on this idea—fortified by reasonable common sense and the illuminating experience of others. Beneath all there lies, I hope, the rock of a genuine ideal to which it is high time indeed that we turned practical and vigorous attention.

The Commonweal requests its subscribers to communicate any changes of address two weeks in advance, to ensure the receipt of all issues.

Spend Your Vacation at

BETHANY HOUSE

Ideally Located Among the Westchester Hills
Conducted for Women by the Maryknoll Sisters
Charming Landscape—Spacious Grounds
Modern Fireproof Structure
Tasteful Furnishings
Excellent Table
Refinement
Comfort
Chapel.....Daily Mass

Rates: $4.00 per day and upward, including meals

Inquiries may be addressed to
Sister Directress — BETHANY HOUSE
Maryknoll, New York

WALTER J. FAHY & CO.

Members New York Stock Exchange

NEW YORK

44 Pine Street — *John 4100*
522 Fifth Avenue — *Murray Hill 3700*

GORHAM

Religious Articles of Superior Workmanship and Design

Vestments—Crucifixes—Medals—Plaques—Rosaries—St. Christopher Medals — Altar Appointments — Church Decorations—everything for the humblest chapel as well as for the most elaborate cathedral.

GORHAM
Fifth Avenue at 47th Street, New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS

Slum Clearing in the Antilles

Black Democracy: The Story of Haiti, by H. P. Davis. New York: The Dial Press. $5.00.

THE history of Haiti, since the revolution which extinguished French rule in August, 1791, is one of the most tragic of which history holds record. Like some volcanic island lying in the midst of a group which has been formed by it, but which alone retains the active principle of destruction in its breast, it has erupted continuously in war, massacre and revolution, until every vestige of the old civilization that lay at the base has been effaced. Today it finds itself drawn once more into the orbit of rational life. The change has taken place through an intervention by this country, whose ethical justice has been disputed. In Black Democracy, Mr. H. P. Davis, a twelve-year resident of the island, strives to strike a balance, so to speak, between the rights of self-determination and an expediency that few, after reading his account of a century of chaos, will be inclined to deny. Where blame, in his opinion, attaches to the methods by which the change was brought about, he does not spare it. But he is equally immune from the disposition, only too evident in some liberal circles of thought, to brand as imperialism or dollar diplomacy what was a measure of international hygiene only invoked when the situation that challenged it had become endemic and intolerable.

Tragedy marked Santo Domingo from the first. Its aboriginal population was enslaved and exterminated by the riff-raff of Spanish adventure that followed upon its discovery by Columbus. Many Caribs, old chroniclers inform us, preferred death to the Spanish whip and committed suicide by leaping, in whole families, over the cliffs. The island was for long a resort of buccaneers, finally becoming, under French administration, an example of intensive culture still unsurpassed. Sugar cane covered its plains, cocoa and coffee plantations its uplands. Its capital city, Cap Français, contained 30,000 inhabitants. As many as a hundred vessels lay at one time in its harbor. Its miles of policed streets, its hospital, parks, theatres, barracks, public buildings, baths and cab-ranks merited it its title of "the Paris of the Antilles." Bordeaux and Nantes practically lived on its commerce. All but a small proportion of the sugar and coffee used over Europe was shipped from its warehouses. It has been estimated that a third of the French national wealth on the eve of the Revolution depended, directly or indirectly, on the Santo Domingo plantations.

Unfortunately, this fabric of prosperity was built upon a slave system of the most unredeemed kind. Ships from the west coast of Africa that were floating charnel houses poured into its harbors to meet the demand as more and more land came under cultivation. It was an agricultural enterprise conducted at the tempo of the factory. During the busiest season work went on by torchlight. A vile shrewdness even calculated the cost of humanity as overhead and decided that it was better management to import a Congo slave, work him to death and replace him by purchase, than to recruit the labor force by natural increase. The writer of this review in the course of a year's study in Paris happens to have perused much of the documentary evidence, both printed and manuscript, to be found on the subject at the Bibliotheque and Archives, and with some human exceptions the indictment is unanswerable.

On the night of August 14, 1791, the whirlwind was reaped by those who had sown the wind. A horde of Negro slaves, rising simultaneously on all the plantations of the Nord district, carried fire and sword to the gates of Cap Français. Such of the hapless planters, their wives and children, as were not brought in by military rescue parties rushed to their aid, perished under circumstances of unspeakable atrocity.

Efforts to recover the colony for France met with only transitory success. Commissioners sent out by the Paris government, one of whom, Sonthonax, was no wise behind Robespierre or Marat in ignominy, turned all power over to the revolted slaves and completed its ruin. The capital was burnt to the ground and an expedition sent out by Napoleon during the brief interval of peace in 1803 melted away before the fevers and plagues of the rainy season. From this time on a fog of obscurity settled down between the hapless island and the civilized world, broken only by the reports of a few chance travelers, more concerned to present a lurid than an exact picture of conditions in the black republic. Ruler succeeded ruler at briefer and briefer intervals. Of twenty-eight emperors and presidents, fourteen were violently deposed, four assassinated and one a suicide. Among the former were two monsters, Christophe and Dessalines, who are figures rather in vogue just now, due to the new taste for the primitive-exotic. The plantations became jungles amid which the Voodoo drum throbbed nightly, the roads turned to sloughs, mills, bridges and aqueducts to creeper-covered ruins. National indebtedness was chronic; a little clique who recruited their ragged levies from the dregs of the populace overturned governments periodically, and whatever there was of culture or human dignity cowered within the two towns, Port-au-Prince and Cap Haitien, more or less at its mercy. It was complete collapse.

Since the morning of July 28, 1915, when Admiral Caperton, looking shoreward with his marine glasses, perceived a crowd dancing round a headless trunk in the streets of Port au Prince, and landed a force of marines to preserve order, American intervention has not so much advanced, as been logically driven from one stage to another until today, a protectorate, supported by armed force, rests upon the island.

In reporting its various steps, Mr. Davis does not spare criticism where he thinks it deserved. The necessity, real or imagined, of giving what was really an operation of force majeure the color of international legality justifies many strictures in theory. The dissolution of the Senate by President Dartiguenave was an absolutely extraconstitutional act. Mr. Davis's declaration that "there is no ground for the oft-repeated accusation that the dissolution of the Senate was inspired by the Americans" may stand up technically, but certainly not logically, against documents quoted by him which show that the Haitian president, before taking the step, requested "complete military protection," and that this protection was "authorized" by the Navy Department. The difference is, frankly, not worth a justificatory paragraph. In the matter of the road-building "corvées" and of the reports of atrocities alleged to have been perpetrated by the Marines, on the other hand, we believe no reasonable person acquainted with the character of the American soldier not only in the Haitian operations but on the Indian frontier, and in every war in which he has fought, will refuse the testimony offered by Professor Kelsey, gathered on the spot, in favor of the fighting man, or believe that anything beyond the proportion of regrettable incidents that have marked every armed intervention from the very beginning of war is to be charged against them.

The really conclusive end of the argument is the amelioration that has taken place in Haitian living conditions since the American occupation. Schools where the principal was an illiterate are a thing of the grotesque past. "Hospitals" where the head

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

could not name a simple drug, have given place to medical service, nurses' training schools and clinics in line with the general progress of medical science the world over. Sanitation of markets, streets and mosquito-breeding areas have removed the old reproach that Haitian ports could be sensed in an offshore wind before they were seen. A gendarmerie not only assures safety throughout the country, but serves as a series of nuclei for sanitation. As for the prisons, "a visitor to Port-au-Prince may view the prison where in August, 1915, after an atrocious massacre, the gutters were running blood, and find conditions which compare favorably with those of correctional establishments in the United States."

Lovers of the picturesque, and that inconsiderable group which discipline mortifies, may spare a sigh for the passing of something that had its own spectral and squalid appeal to imagination. Sceptics may regard the setting of a date at which complete autonomy is to be restored as a mere conscience-salving text. Very wisely, the clearing up of slum areas is left to neither artists nor sentimentalists. Such intervention as has taken place in Haiti is best judged by its results, and Mr. Davis has made out, in Black Democracy, what appears to be an unanswerable case.

HENRY LONGAN STUART.

Modern American Architecture

The American Architecture of Today, by G. H. Edgell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $6.00.

MR. EDGELL is Professor of Fine Arts and Dean of the Faculty of Architecture at Harvard University, and his book represents the elaboration and revision of three lectures given for the Henry La Barre Jayne Foundation in Philadelphia. The lectures were never delivered as printed, being too extensive and detailed for audition, but the note of the illustrated lecture still hangs around the style, the optimistic tone, the rare and undeveloped generalization, and the pleasant humor. Therefore this book is a layman's book. Yet it fulfils a valuable function for the professional as well, in gathering together so many interesting illustrations—there are almost four hundred photographs and plans and these alone give the book title to a prominent place on his library shelves. A selected bibliography of twenty-two pages is appended.

Perhaps the major criticism to be made is that the author has been a little too faithful to the less valuable traditions of scholarship: one would wish him a little less impartial and judicial. There is an almost deliberate shirking of generalization, a tendency to leave larger questions in judicial midair, so that, as a rule, the analysis halts much too soon. Thus, for example, Professor Edgell passes lightly over the modernist classicist controversy with a Sir Roger de Coverley wave of the hand—"We of today are too close to the events to decide on the merits of the question"; and the ethics of concealing (or not admitting) the steel in your modern skyscraper, not to mention the aesthetic wisdom or unwisdom of the concealment or emphasis thereof, are matters raised but not dallied with as long as one might wish. With such an intimate knowledge of the architecture of other lands it would have been easy for the author to develop a series of highly interesting philosophical arguments. How pointed it would have been, for instance, when speaking of this matter of the organic or inorganic skyscraper, to refer again to those sham flying buttresses at Rheims which the fortunes of war showed to have been merely supporting one another ornamentally across the width of the nave for hundreds of years, and to develop along those lines a

St. Hilda Guild, Inc.

CHURCH VESTMENTS, ALTAR LINEN
Ecclesiastical Embroidery
Conferences with reference to the adornment of churches
Old Embroidery Transferred
131 EAST 47th STREET NEW YORK
Vanderbilt 8761

Mount St. Joseph College
DUBUQUE, IOWA
Conducted by THE SISTERS OF CHARITY, B.V.M.
A standard college for the higher education of women.
Holds membership in the Association of American Colleges and in the North Central Association.
Ideal location.
Thoroughly modern equipment.
Address: OFFICE OF THE DEAN

MOUNT SAINT AGNES
MT. WASHINGTON, MD.
Boarding and Day School—Conducted by the Sisters of Mercy
HIGH SCHOOL COURSE OF FOUR YEARS
Affiliated with Catholic University of America. Approved and accredited by the Maryland State Department of Education and the Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools of the Middle States and Maryland. College Preparatory, General Academic, Commercial Courses, Music, Art, Domestic Science, Gymnasium, Swimming Pool, Horseback Riding. Private Rooms with or without bath.
JUNIOR HIGH AND PREPARATORY CLASSES
Secretarial School for High School Graduates

ACADEMY of the SACRED HEARTS
FALL RIVER, MASSACHUSETTS
Boarding and Day School for Girls
Affiliated with the Catholic University, Washington, D. C.
Conducted by the Religious of the Holy Union of the Sacred Hearts
ROME
These Religious also conduct an Establishment in Rome. A large estate beautifully situated on the Via Salaria. Excellent advantage in Modern Languages, Music and Art.
For further information communicate with the
REVEREND MOTHER, 466 Prospect St., Fall River, Mass.

The Commonweal Recommends—
A. BRUDERHAUSEN
47 WEST 47th STREET, NEW YORK CITY
Dealer in German Books and Publications
Unusually Reasonable Prices

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

discussion which could not but be of interest to every type of reader. For there is much truth in the statement that the metallic skeleton is the fourth of the great structural advances which have given architecture new resources, the others being the Roman vault, the Gothic ribbed vault and masonry skeleton and the metallic truss. Of course Professor Edgell does discuss the problems the new system has raised, but all too scantily. One may be forgiven for expecting a full consideration on what is one of the major questions of the architecture we associate primarily with American structural invention. To say that he refuses to give it to us is not a criticism offered with any surety: the form of his work, as well as his own possible desire to give no more than what the jacket calls "a bird's-eye view of our architectural endeavor in all its important phases," may have combined with an unflattering opinion of lay readers as a body to persuade him to avoid the development of an aesthetic philosophy for an architecture that is, after all, still in the process of becoming.

To allow the scholarly tradition of aloofness from battle to affect analysis and improve exposition is, it may be remarked, the usual way of men who spend a large proportion of their time in lecturing. The traditions of the peripatetic school have long since vanished—here in America, at any rate, as a result of the too large public audience, with its many very young and very old maids to mitigate a lecturer's daring, and the course system in the universities that tethers him down from wide flight. The first survey chapter of Professor Edgell's book is very finely done, and the chapter on Ecclesiastical and Monumental Architecture evidently finds the writer most at home. With commercial architecture he is less comfortable—as he well might be—but his treatment is vitally interested, and again as in the case of such technicalities as the zoning law, clear, lucid and even pungent.

It might be repeated, moreover, that the illustrations, particularly in the last chapter, add supremely to the value of the book as a successful record—which is, after all, what it really is. We may hope that Professor Edgell will not hide from us for too long his wider views on American architecture: he might remember that few things American remain stable for long, and most things American have a way of being most static when in motion. They bear the same relation to stability that a filming of New York south of Chambers Street would to the immobile but highly dynamic architecture of the city.

SEAN O'FAOLAIN.

The Outlawed Republic

Present-Day Russia, by Ivy Lee. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

Russian Economic Development since the Revolution, by Maurice Dobb. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $5.00.

FOR ten years Russia has been the world's enigma. Whether the Bolshevist system of communism would collapse, whether the Third International could be restrained, whether European power in Asia could withstand Soviet diplomacy, have been problems whose answers nobody knew. There were plenty of guesses. Turkey, Persia, Afghanistan, China and Germany bet on the Soviets. Great Britain, France, Italy and Japan bet against them. The United States refused to have anything to do with the outlawed thing. That, with minor qualifications, is the situation today, as it was when Lenin and Trotzky sent Kerensky's paper government whirling to the limbo of lost political hopes.

Here are two significant reports on the state of the Russian nation, one by America's most famous publicity agent and one by an English professor of economics. Ivy Lee has written a bare, straightforward, clumsy account of a trip to Moscow in May, 1927; Mr. Dobb has patiently described the evolution of Bolshevism's economic practices. The conclusion which one reaches, on studying their work, is that the Soviet union is here to stay in the family of nations, but that radical communism is not necessarily to be continued in Russia.

Present-Day Russia frankly states its author's conclusions: first, that "the present Soviet régime in Russia is there to stay"; secondly, that "the situation is changing daily almost before one's very eyes"; and thirdly, that "the tendency of conditions is toward the establishment of capitalism—and away from communism and socialism." Ivy Lee asserts that all that Russia needs to do is to build a reputation for good faith, put an end to the subversive activities of the Third International, establish real freedom of thought, action and belief, and found a system af justice based on such fundamental principles as the Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights.

He suggests, moreover, ". . . that the greatest menace which faces mankind today is the possibility of a Bolshevist Russia, with a new generation of poorly-fed men and women, holding grievances against western society, and aligned with all the distressed hordes of Asia."

He is, therefore, disposed to look favorably upon the possibility of opening political relations between the United States and Russia. The Russians, he found, were disposed to negotiate for payment of the Kerensky debts and reparation for confiscated American property, but felt that they had legitimate counter-claims against the United States for our invasion of northern Russia and Siberia in 1918. If this is all that stands between, one wonders why recognition has not been attained long ago. For the Russian government could never collect a cent of damages on account of our two interventions. That was settled when Russia and Germany signed the treaty of Rapallo in 1922. The Germans had invaded the Ukraine, after peace was signed with Soviet Russia in 1918, and did damage comparable to that done by the Americans, British, French and Japanese in the same year. Yet Russia failed to hold Germany accountable for these damages and has ruled herself out of court in any hope that a new "Alabama" case may be decided in her favor.

Mr. Lee seems also to overlook the element of political caution which rules our government's policy toward Russia. Could the United States establish friendly and intimate relations with the Soviets, without arousing suspicion and enmity in Great Britain and Japan? Moreover, could we, with our large financial and economic stake in Latin America, Europe and Asia, stand to gain anything from a power whose national policy, if imitated elsewhere, would lead to the destruction of our foreign interests? There does not yet seem to be any basis for our recognition, nor does Mr. Lee attempt to produce one.

It is only fair to admit that he did not intend to argue for recognition, only to suggest it, as becomes a shrewd publicity man. He went to Russia without "an open mind" and insisted on being convinced. He learned a few things and has reported them dispassionately. He was not "sold on the Soviet," but admitted its substantial reality. He seems to feel—as do most students of the problem—that time will bring America and Russia closer together, but that the first move is up to Russia.

Mr. Dobbs tells how far Russia has moved. After all—he says in effect—in 1917 every warring nation had adopted a "war socialism," which put the government in control of all major economic activities. Russia swung still further into a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"war communism"—where other powers swung back toward private ownership—and has since then slowly been moving back toward an adjustment. It has had much farther to go than have, say, France and England, which have not yet entirely removed the system of wartime controls, import and export licenses, and so on, from their national life. He traces the movement step by step: the new economic policy, the "scissors" crisis of 1923, and the present problem of the peasant, the "kulak" and the private trader. He concludes that:

"It is not impossible that the next decades may hold for Russia an industrial revolution as rapid as in Japan or Germany half a century ago. Some declare that Moscow already wears the signs of an American city, with a drive and activity which she did not have before. In her streets there is certainly a new rhythm of life to be felt and heard. A new spirit of creation is abroad, elemental and crude and strong. On the lump of the old Russian temperament the communists are ruthlessly working as a new leaven—an energizing, a leveling, a westernizing force. Perhaps in this 'laboratory of life,' as one observer calls it, the scientist is evolving some new historical element of great moment to the world."

His book is painstaking, documented, scholarly. It is a good "chaser" for Ivy Lee's neat, if not gaudy, syllogistic study. Neither of them, however, is the "great book on Russia" which the world still awaits.

JOHN CARTER.

Master of Araby

Maker of Modern Arabia, by Ameen Rihani. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $6.00.

DURING the half-a-thousand years which have followed the taking of Constantinople by the Turks, Moslem Arabia has never ceased to be the most picturesque and disturbing of of all frontiers. Even Great Britain could not exert sufficient pressure to make the desert bloom with consulates and colonels, though more than one of her representatives came to know the scene admirably and to write about it with discerning poetic vision. These last are prototypes of Ameen Rihani, Syrian gentleman and observer, whose book is composed in a spirit of originality not to be ignored. Its virtue is, I should say, largely the result of the grand old trait of keeping both eyes open. Mr. Rihani avoided blinding himself in advance with the suggestive thought that he was going to a country in which the plumbing remains bad and the dentistry primitive. He refrained likewise from indulgence in the far too romantic and agreeable shibboleth, "Thumbs down on civilization." The result is expressed, perhaps, in the photographs which accompany the text: snapshots and more snapshots, but everything neatly arranged in the album.

The central subject is, of course, Ibn Sa'oud, ruler of Najd and its dependencies, chief civil power of the Wahhabis (the Unitarians of Arabia) canny soldier, stern law-giver and interesting person. He lives like a typical Arab, accomplishing all religious rites with splendid fervor, knowing not the usefulness of many baubles found indispensable by the western world, getting heaps of fun out of an "electrical machine" that distributes shocks with absolute indifference to rank and station, eating lamb with rice more times a day than even the most lenient dietitian would advise, and summing up the political aspects of his country with more than relative astuteness. A strong "natural man" is Ibn Sa'oud, whose religion is an extraordinary social influence, even though it does not suppress gross indulgence or in any wise rise superior to the law

Popular Pamphlets on Evolution

THE SCHOLASTIC PHILOSOPHY EXPLAINED. Price, 5 cents. $3.50 per 100 copies. Postage extra.

CERTAINTY IN RELIGION, *Revised Edition*, 15 cents at retail; 10 cents at wholesale. Postage extra.

By Rev. Henry H. Wyman, C.S.P.

THE PAULIST PRESS, 401 West 59th Street, New York City

CAMP ON-TI-ORA for Girls
CAMP RIP VAN WINKLE for Boys
Superior Catholic Camps
In the Catskill Mountains. One mile apart. Riding. All field and water sports. Select membership. Catholic chapel. Booklets.
JOSEPHINE COWHEY, *Director*, ON-TI-ORA
A. M. COWHEY, *Director*, RIP VAN WINKLE
730 Riverside Drive New York, N. Y.

MALVERN
Preparatory School
RESIDENT and Day School situated in beautiful Chester valley. Large estate. New buildings. Athletic field, gymnasium, lake. Classical and scientific courses of four years each. Catalog.
REV. W. G. RAFTER, O.S.A., *Headmaster*, Malvern, Pa.

OUR LADY OF MERCY ACADEMY
Syosset, Long Island, New York
A Residential and Day School for Girls will open September, 1928. Healthful Location, Modern Equipment. Regents' Requirements. Conducted by the Sisters of Mercy. Address the Directress.

ST. WALBURGA'S ACADEMIC SCHOOL
630 Riverside Drive, New York City
Boarding and Day School for Girls, conducted by the Religious of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus. Approved by the University of the State of New York. Accredited by the Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools of the Middle States and Maryland.

URSULINE ACADEMY
Grand Concourse (East 165th Street), New York City
PRIVATE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS
Resident and Day Pupils
Boys admitted to the Elementary Departments
Chartered by the University of the State of New York

Academy of Notre Dame
TYNGSBOROUGH, MASSACHUSETTS
A Catholic Boarding School for Girls
Conducted by the Sisters of Notre Dame of Namur
Affiliated to the Catholic University, to Trinity College and to Emmanuel College
The Academy replaces the boarding department of the Academy of Notre Dame, Lowell. It comprises primary, grammar and High School Classes. The two hundred and twenty acres lie among New England hills and woods, affording opportunities for all out-door sports, including boating and horse-back riding.
Address SISTER SUPERIOR

A SCHOOL FOR GIRLS
OAK KNOLL School of the Holy Child
AN ELEMENTARY and COLLEGE PREPARATORY SCHOOL
SUMMIT, N. J. Resident and Day Pupils
Campus of 12 Acres on One of Summit's Highest Points
Rosemont College at Rosemont, Pa., St. Frideswide's at Oxford and finishing schools in Paris, Rome and Freibourg, are also under the supervision of the Sisters of the Holy Child Jesus. 44 Blackburn Road, Phone Summit 1804

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of fear. That the British should realize his importance is a fact which indicates that they still deserve their reputation for astuteness of gaze. Mr. Rihani hopes he may promote an Arabian federation, thus bringing to a close the era of tribal wars.

It is a full, impressive portrait which ought to be gazed at appreciatively not only by those who care to know more about conditions in the near East but also by such as enjoy the unusual in man. Much of the interest of the book lies, however, in the human natural scenery which supplies Ibn Sa'oud with a variegated background. There are fine, ironic sketches of foreign secretaries and other British subjects; of Arab cooks and grafters; of the Dahna, which "is hospitable even to the most delicate of created things"; of the grave religious "authorities" who uphold doctrine; and of much else besides, quaint and comic, grave and stern, dirty and perfumed, just and perverse. The one supreme virtue of these people is justice. They dispense it with a simplicity and mastery of psychology beside which our legalistic methods look most frighteningly unwholesome. Other traits, however—their cruelty and sloth, their traditionalism and sexual code—incline one to believe, in direct opposition to Mr. Rihani, that something might be said, from the point of view of civilization as a whole, in favor of even British infiltration into the Moslem world.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

Father's Day in Court

The Spellbinder, by Leonard Rossiter. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.00.

IN HANDLING the theme of revolt against parental authority, present-day novelists have so uniformly given the victory to the younger generation that it is a rather welcome change to find Mr. Rossiter for once allowing the parent to have his innings.

Joseph Willard, locally known as "Mussolini" Willard, is the central sun around which his little planetary system revolves. He dominates not merely his family but his neighbors and associates, the workers in his huge leather works, the village of Wilburgh that he has built and named, its church and chapel, its parish hall and park. And so, quite properly, he dominates the book, an imposing dynamic personality, with his foxy red-brown hair, a fresh pink glow in his cheeks, and always, everywhere, a stolid British conviction of his own infallibility.

Both son and daughter would have liked to be modern, to experiment, to "express themselves," in the hackneyed phrase of the day. Joseph Willard promptly puts a stop to such nonsense; and so Catherine Willard remains a girl with a grudge; while Donald submits more gracefully, because he secretly adores his father and glories in his success. But presently, into this well-ordered solar system, comes a wandering comet from the outer spaces, in the person of an American girl, Frieda Camden; and Donald, meeting her, awakens to the reality of love at first sight. When Joseph Willard learns of the engagement, he neither storms nor wastes words, but merely observes that Frieda is the wrong girl for Donald and advises delay. Frieda, however, is a "live wire," and delay is the last thing she wants. She herself has the betrothal duly announced in the local paper, hurries Donald into a choice of their future home; and when her prospective father-in-law secretly meddles to prevent her acquiring title to the house, she openly brings a law-suit, regardless of the scandal it will cause.

Frieda's example of independence is contagious. Armed with borrowed courage, Catherine breaks her bonds and elopes with a penniless draughtsman in her father's leather works; the mother revolts mildly and stands by her daughter; the whole family faces anarchy and dissolution.

But old Willard, unruffled, serene in his unswerving judgments, bides his time. He knows the deadly effect of slow, stolid, unyielding inertia. And little by little, through dragging, baffling months of waiting, he tires out the rebels. Frieda at last owns defeat, gives back Donald's ring and returns home across the ocean; Catherine leaves her worthless husband and comes back to the family fold, and the reunited family once bow their willing necks to the familiar yoke. "Mussolini" Willard still reigns supreme.

The book is not wholly convincing. Donald's supineness is too oviously manufactured to order, to fit the needs of the story; and Frieda is one of those impossible travesties of an American girl never seen outside of British books, hopelessly mixing "I reckon" and "I guess," without regard for the Mason and Dixon line. But "Mussolini" Willard is a genuinely memorable portrait.

FREDERIC TABER COOPER.

The Maid in Arms

My Jeanne D'Arc, by Michael Monahan. New York: The Century Company. $3.00.

ARE we right in supposing that it was Bernard Shaw's play which provoked this charming book? The author had long cherished a secret devotion to the Maid of France. This devotion was tinged with the jealousy and irritation that betrays the lover. He comes upon the great G. B. S. in the act of placing some wild flowers on the shrine of Saint Joan. His feelings are outraged. How dare this playwright, with his "peculiar idiosyncrasy," approach the sanctuary of his heroine?

In a way Mr. Monahan is right. Shaw stands aloof from everything. That is why he is often so logical in his judgments. It is also the reason why he is often so inadequate. His analysis of the great legend of Saint Joan is far from being correct; but no one can say that it is not provocative of thought, nor tempered with a kindly appreciation. Even Shaw could not quite escape the warm glow of saintliness. He tries, as usual, to excuse and to explain the mechanism of the event. He cannot live it.

But Mr. Monahan really does live it, and he becomes for the moment, in spite of fierce denials, a mediaevalist himself. He hates the historical background of the tragedy as no one could hate it who had not lived in it. His devotion for the fair flower of a departing chivalry makes him see intensely all the inconsistencies of the age. He could love those priests and knights whom he denounces on every page if they had only lived the life that they professed they wished to live.

And so it is that his Joan, the exemplar of all that they should have been, is, in a sense, the measure of their failure. Her dazzling brightness against the dark background makes his story all the more wonderful. It is, as he points out, the greatest thing that has ever happened, except Calvary; and it is itself astonishingly like Calvary. Remembering, then, that this refusal to try to understand (as Shaw tried to understand) why such things could be, is the result of a very intense realization of the things themselves, the reader will place this "new Saint Joan of Arc" with the great lives of the Soldier Maid that have already been written.

EDWARD HAWKS.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A FRONT PORCH CAMPAIGN

The Commonweal asks its readers to go campaigning this summer for new subscribers. Therefore the special offer has been made so that new readers may have a set of sample copies.

The Commonweal numbers subscribers in every state in the Union and in many foreign countries. It is glad to see its circle of readers steadily widening. It is anxious to draw into that circle the thousands, scattered far and wide, to whom the idea that has resulted in The Commonweal is so real and vital that this magazine will be an expression of themselves.

Bring your friends into this circle. On your front porch or on the verandas and in the lobbies of resort hotels you can boost The Commonweal. Its introduction will earn you the gratitude of those who will thus be able to judge this weekly review of literature, the arts and public affairs.

Commonweal Endorsers

William Cardinal O'Connell
Dennis Cardinal Daugherty
Patrick Cardinal Hayes
Most Rev. Michael J. Curley, D.D.
Compton Mackenzie
Sir Phillip Gibbs
Dr. S. Parkes Cadman
William Lyon Phelps
Glenn Frank
Rt. Rev. Hugh C. Boyle, D.D.
Walter Lippman
Canon Anson Phelps Stokes
Sen. David I. Walsh
Agnes Repplier
G. K. Chesterton
Ralph Adams Cram
Rev. J. Elliott Ross, C.S.P.
W. H. P. Faunce
Rev. John J. Wynne, S.J.
George Fort Milton
Thomas F. Woodlock

ONE DOLLAR

A SPECIAL OFFER

IN order to introduce The Commonweal to those who are not acquainted with its scope and aim, an offer of the next fifteen issues, dating from acceptance, is open to you and your friends for one dollar. If you have a dollar, a stamp, an envelope and a pen you can not afford to miss this opportunity.

SUITE 4622
GRAND CENTRAL TERMINAL
NEW YORK CITY.

THE COMMONWEAL

Attached is ..... dollars for which please send the next fifteen consecutive issues of The Commonweal to:

Name..... Name.....

Street..... Street.....

City..... City.....

Sent by.....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SETON HILL COLLEGE
GREENSBURG, PA.
An Eastern School with Western Vigor
A Northern School with Southern Charm
College Women From Eighteen States
40 Miles from Dixie 43 Minutes from Pittsburgh

GOOD COUNSEL COLLEGE, White Plains, N. Y.
A CATHOLIC COLLEGE FOR WOMEN
Registered by the University of the State of New York with power to confer degrees.
PEDAGOGICAL COURSE. BEAUTIFUL LOCATION
Forty Minutes from New York. Resident and Non-Resident Students
Catalogue on application to the Secretary

MELROSE ACADEMY
School for Girls
Students prepared for COLLEGE ENTRANCE EXAMINATIONS
Music, French, Art, Vocal Expression, Physical Culture. Small classes, Melrose Park a beautiful suburb of Philadelphia. 30 acre campus. All outdoor sports. Standard hockey field.
Term begins September 20
Conducted by the Grey Nuns of the Sacred Heart

PIUS X SCHOOL OF LITURGICAL MUSIC
COLLEGE OF THE SACRED HEART, New York, N. Y.
TWELFTH SUMMER SESSION, JUNE 25—AUGUST 4
Gregorian Form and Aesthetic Principles.
Course given by the Rt. Rev. Abbot Dom Ferretti, O.S.B.
President of the Pontifical Institute of Sacred Music, Rome.
Justine Ward Method of Teaching Music.
Gregorian Chant and Gregorian Accompaniment.
Choir Conducting and Liturgical Singing.
Lectures on the Liturgy—Rev. J. Elliot Ross, C.S.P
133rd Street and Convent Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Telephone Edgecombe 2272

ACADEMY OF THE ASSUMPTION
WELLESLEY HILLS, MASSACHUSETTS
Boarding and Day School for Girls
General, College Preparatory and Secretarial Courses offered. Special Courses in Music, Art, Foreign Languages and Expression. Junior and Intermediate Departments make provision for work preparatory to High School. Extensive grounds for outdoor recreation. Tennis, basketball, horseback riding, tobogganing, skating.
ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY for Boys
from five to fourteen years is under the same management. Competent instructors in Military Drill, Athletics and Horseback Riding. For catalogue apply to SISTER SUPERIOR.

BURR PRINTING HOUSE
FOUNDED 1837
FRANKFORT AND JACOB STREETS
NEW YORK, N. Y.
CATALOGUES, MAGAZINES, BOOKS
AND COMMERCIAL PRINTING

Briefer Mention

The Mysteriousness of Marriage, by Jeremy Taylor. Abergavenny: Francis Walterson. $2.00.

MARRIAGE is, as all saints have said, a sacrament. With them Jeremy Taylor agreed, expressing his convictions in the beautiful English of his century. There could be no sounder doctrine (though the author was an Anglican divine) and it has never been more charmingly phrased. Unfortunately Taylor was a scholar with an inordinate fondness for Greek, so that in all likelihood those most in need of what he has to say would probably miss a great many of the essential points. Of the illustrations supplied by Mr. Denis Tegetmeier for the present edition, there can, however, be no question as regards either pertinence or effectiveness. These pitiless drawings, which expose the selfishness and vacuity of the contemporary moral anarchists with extraordinary skill, are worth a great deal more than the price of the volume. Indeed, unless we are greatly mistaken, Mr. Tegetmeier is one of the most significant satirical artists now living. His pictures, and the text they illustrate, should be given to many a bride and groom for their bliss on earth and their ultimate peace beyond.

The Clock Strikes Two, by Henry Kitchell Webster. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.00.

HERE is a story bristling with thrills. Phyllis Hale gets a job as secretary to Colonel Boardman, a blind millionaire who suspects the members of his family of plotting his death. There is indeed something strange about the family from the beginning. Provocative hints escape them at table. They are surprised in eery places about the moldering mansion at dead of night. One asserts she is in communication with her deceased husband and goes about prophesying doom in hollow tones. The situation becomes more tense when the blind colonel is roused at night by the voice of a daughter who has been dead for forty years. Then, through Phyllis, he discovers that someone has tampered with his will. Phyllis gets strange warnings to leave. Finally, a long-lost nephew turns up, complicating a puzzle already apparently insoluble. The dénouement is swift, complete and plausible. We breathe small to the last chapter and then snort with rage at our failure to foresee the obvious solution.

CONTRIBUTORS

Charles Willis Thompson, newspaper correspondent and editor for the New York World, Tribune and Times, is the author of Party Leaders of the Time.

Harvey Wickham is an American novelist and journalist now residing in Rome.

Clarence Manion is a professor in the College of Law of the University of Notre Dame, and the author of American History.

Sister Mariella, O. S. B., is the head of the Department of English, Saint Benedict's College, St. Joseph, Minnesota.

George E. Anderson, formerly in the American consular service in China, South America and the Netherlands, is at present engaged in journalism and law in Virginia.

William Everett Cram is a New Hampshire farmer and writer whose books include Little Beasts of Field and Wood; and American Animals.

Gertrude Ryder Bennett, Evelyn Graham and Phyllis McGinley are listed among the contemporary poets in the American magazines.

Mary Brent Whiteside is the author of The Eternal Quest and Other Poems.

Marion Ethel Hamilton is a poet of California.

James E. Tobin is a New England poet and critic.

Winifred M. Letts, the author of The Spires of Oxford, is a resident of Dublin.

Carol Ryrie Brink is a Minnesota writer of poetry and short stories.

Sean O'Faolain is a student in the department of Celtic literature in Harvard University.

John Carter is the author of Man Is War.

Frederic Taber Cooper, formerly literary editor of the New York Globe, the Bookman and the Forum, is the author of many books of critical essays and translations from several foreign languages.

Rev. Edward Hawks is pastor of the Church of Saint Joan of Arc in Philadelphia.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED